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THE BEAUTIFUL WRETCH: A BRIGHTON STORY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

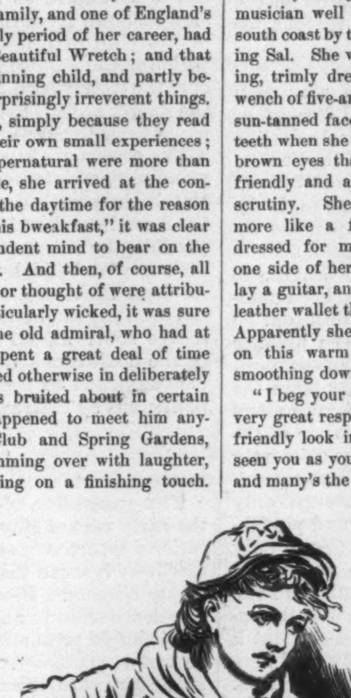
CHAPTER I.

SINGING SAL.

N a certain golden afternoon in August, when the sea was as still and radiant as the vaulted blue overhead, and when the earth was lying so hushed and silent that you would have thought it was listening for the chirp of the small birds among the gorse, a young girl of about seventeen or so was walking over the downs that undulate, wave on wave, from Newhaven all along the coast to Brighton. This young lady was tall for her age, slim of form, and she had a graceful carriage; her face was fair and markedly freckled; her nose was piquant rather than classical; her hair, which was of a ruddy gold hue, was rebellious, and strayed about her ears and neck in accidental wisps and rings; her grayish or gray-blue eyes were reserved and thoughtful rather than shrewd and observant. No, she was not beautiful; but she had a face that attracted interest, and though her look was timid and retiring, nevertheless her eyes could, on occasion, light up with a sudden humor that was inclined to be sarcastic. So busy, indeed, was she generally, on these solitary wanderings of hers, with her own thoughts and fancies, that sometimes she laughed to herself—a low, quiet little laugh that none but herself could hear.

This was Miss Anne Beresford, who was called by her sisters Nan. But it was an old friend of the family, and one of England's most famous sailors, who, at a very early period of her career, had bestowed on her the sobriquet of the Beautiful Wretch; and that partly because she was a pretty and winning child, and partly because she was in the habit of saying surprisingly irreverent things. Now all children say irreverent things, simply because they read the highest mysteries by the light of their own small experiences; but Nan Beresford's guesses at the supernatural were more than usually audacious. When, for example, she arrived at the conclusion that fairies were never seen in the daytime for the reason that God had had them all "fwied for his bweakfast," it was clear that she was bringing a quite independent mind to bear on the phenomena of the universe around her. And then, of course, all sorts of sayings that she never uttered or thought of were attributed to her. Whenever a story was particularly wicked, it was sure to be put down to Nan Beresford. The old admiral, who had at the outset given her that nickname, spent a great deal of time that might have been profitably employed otherwise in deliberately inventing impieties, each of which was bruited about in certain circles as "Nan's last"; and if you happened to meet him anywhere between the United Service Club and Spring Gardens, completely self-absorbed, his face brimming over with laughter, you might be sure he was just putting on a finishing touch. Rather than abandon one of these self-invented stories of his, I think he would have parted with any half-dozen of his crosses and medals; but indeed this last would not have been difficult, for he had served in every part of the world where a ship would float, and honors and dignities had been showered upon him.

Naturally there came a time when these stories had to cease; but Nan Beresford preserved her independent way of looking at things, and she was clearly the clever one of the family. Moreover, with all her retiring ways, she was always quite capable of holding her own. Her elder sisters were handsome, and a good many young gentlemen, amongst others, came about the house; some of whom, thinking to be facetious, would occasionally begin to tease Miss Nan, she being the youngest admitted to lunch or afternoon tea. But this shy, freckled young person, whose eyes could laugh up so quickly, had a nimbleness of wit and dexterity of fence that usually left her antagonist exceedingly sorry. One can imagine a gay young swallow darting about in the evening, having quite satisfied himself as to food, and thinking only in his frolicsome way of chevying and frightening the innocent insect tribe. But what if, by dire mischance, he should dart at something and find he had seized—a wasp! Some of the merry young gentlemen were glad to leave the Beautiful Wretch alone.



SINGING SAL.

However, all these things must now be looked upon as by-gones. Seventeen has come; its dignity and seriousness have followed upon the frolics of untutored youth; and the sweet charm of maidenhood has smoothed down such angularities as were formerly permissible. If Miss Anne Beresford shows her independence now, it is mostly in a sort of half-declared contempt of sentimentalities and flirtations—of which, to be sure, she sees a good deal around her. She likes to be alone; she reads much; she has ideas; she worships Mr. Huxley; and she needs no other company than her own when she goes off on long explorations of curving shore or inland vale. On this particular afternoon, for example, she was walking all the way to Brighton from Newhaven, having already walked to the latter place in the morning; and as her light and free step carried her over the close, warm, thyme-scented turf, she was smiling to herself—at some incident, no doubt, that her memory had recalled.

Well, at this moment some one addressed her.

"Young lady!"

She had been vaguely aware that a woman was sitting there, by the side of some furze bushes; but she had kept her eyes away, being a little afraid of tramps. On being challenged however, she turned and looked, and then she saw that this was no ordinary tramp, but an itinerant musician well known along the south coast by the name of Singing Sal. She was a good-looking, trimly dressed, strapping wench of five-and-twenty, with a sun-tanned face, brilliant white teeth when she laughed, and big brown eyes that were at once friendly and audacious in their scrutiny. She looked, indeed, more like a farmer's daughter dressed for market-day; but on one side of her, on the greensward, lay a guitar, and on the other, a little leather wallet that she had unstrapped. Apparently she had been having a nap on this warm afternoon, for she was smoothing down her black hair.

"I beg your pardon, miss," she said, with very great respect, but with a sort of timidly friendly look in her eyes, "but I have often seen you as you was walking along the downs; and many's the time I have wished to have a word with you, if there was nobody by. Yes, and many's the time I have thought about you."

Nan Beresford hesitated for a second whether she should stay or not. But she knew this young woman very well by sight; and her appearance and manner were alike extremely prepossessing. Nan had heard her sing, but never speak; and she was surprised by the correct way in which she spoke: she had scarcely anything of the Sussex intonation.

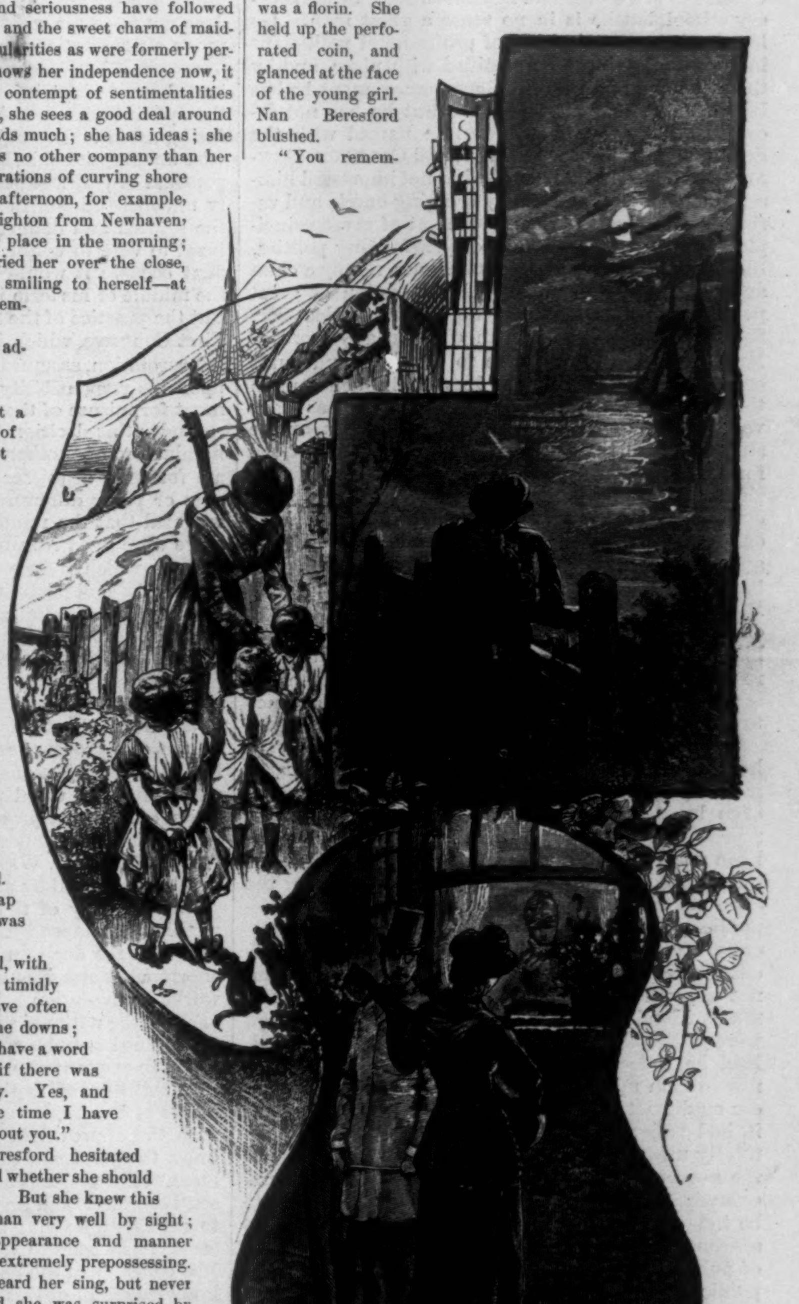
"Yes," said Singing Sal, looking up at the young lady, "many's the time that I have thought I should like to tell you what I've been thinking about you, as I saw you go by. I've often been thinking that if one could only see into it, the mind of a young lady like you—brought up like you in the middle of nothing but kindness and goodness—why, it must be the most beautiful thing in the world. Just like that out there—clear and silver-like."

She nodded in the direction of the sea—where the pale blue plain was touched here and there with silver and golden reflections. Nan was embarrassed; nevertheless she remained. There was something winning about the fresh-colored, frank-eyed lass.

"And I think I have seen a little bit into your mind, miss," said she, with a smile. "Would you look at this—if I may make so bold?"

There was a bit of red silk round her neck, and attached to it was a florin. She held up the perforated coin, and glanced at the face of the young girl. Nan Beresford blushed.

"You remember, miss? That was the night as I was singing in front of the Old Ship, though what I did that for I don't know; I prefer my own friends and my own haunts. But do you know what I said to myself when I got to my lodgings that night? I said, 'What was the young lady thinking of when she gave you that florin? It wasn't an accident; for she took it carefully out of her purse. And



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 18, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 84 of Harper's Young People, *issued June 7, opens with an exciting chapter of " The Cruise of the 'Ghost,' " in which the boys have a very fortunate escape from a crew of river thieves. It also contains another chapter of Major Pinto's adventures in Africa, illustrated; a capital article on Lawn Tennis, with illustration, diagram of the courts, and instructions as to laying out the ground, and how to play the game; stories by Jimmy Brown,* David Ker, Agnes Carr, *and* W. T. Peters; *a beautiful double-page engraving; and many other attractions.*

EX-SENATOR CONKLING.

THERE is no more sudden and complete fall in our political history than that of Mr. Conkling. He is not defeated by his opponents, but he is overthrown by his own party, which he asked to support him against itself in an unconstitutional difference with an Administration which it had just brought into power. This demand shows how entirely he misunderstood both his party and himself. Mr. Conkling's overthrow would have been impossible had he been a real leader; but it is the natural end of the spurious leadership of what is familiarly known as a boss, that is, a political chief who owes his position not to intrinsic ascendency, but to patronage, and the "machine" which patronage creates. Politically Mr. Conkling is a clever and audacious actor of the Bowery school, but he is in no sense a great man. He has dazzled a certain body of professional politicians in New York, whom he gratified with place, and by their resolute and unscrupulous management he has been able to hold his position. But he has not deceived others, and he will not be named with the great Senators, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun; Seward, Sumner, and Chase. He has not impressed himself upon the national life by bringing ample and various knowledge to the enforcement of great principles, and by a lofty disdain of pettifogging politics, like Sumner, among his late colleagues, nor by a calm and comprehensive philosophic discussion of great public situations and tendencies, like his predecessor, Seward. What young man owes to any word of Mr. Conkling's the impulse to a nobler and purer endeavor in political life? Has his influence upon that life been elevating or degrading? He has made vehement and effective partisan harangues upon the stump, and in the Senate he has been distinguished for sarcastic gibes and for tremendous contests for patronage, beginning with the effort to secure the confirmation of Mr. Murphy, continuing with the endeavor to defeat that of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and of Mr. Merritt, and ending by his resignation because he could not prevent the appointment of Mr. Robertson. But, with the exception of an able and elaborate speech upon the Electoral Bill, which, like his other more labored discourses, was but a skillful recapitulation of the previous arguments upon the same side, he has contributed nothing of importance to the discussion of great public questions.

In his frantic struggle to recover the seat which he abandoned without reason, surrendering his party majority in the Senate, he has not been sustained even by Republican sympathy, because he has not represented a Republican cause. It is not a Republican nor a constitutional principle that the President, in making nominations, should be controlled by the Senators from a State, and it is certainly not a Republican duty to relinquish the Senate to the Democrats, except upon the clearest necessity. Throughout the desperate effort to obtain votes for his return, not one valid argument was presented by Mr. Conkling's friends for his re-election. If his resignation were justifiable, his re-election could not be justified. Had he, indeed, honestly opposed Mr. Robertson's nomination upon the ground that a meritorious officer ought not to be removed, and, unable to prevent it, had resigned, although the act would have been totally unwarrantable, and in its logic subversive of the government, yet an immediate, spontaneous, and overwhelming re-election by a Legislature known to be independent and truly representative of popular sentiment would have been a wholesome declaration of public opinion in favor of sound principles of the public service. But to go to Albany, and to fail, after an unprecedented humiliation in the personal solicitation of votes—for that is what his presence in Albany means—is the most pitifully cruel condemnation that could befall a public man.

Had Mr. Conkling's public services been great and important, or had his resignation been the assertion of some high, or just, or generous principle, instead of a grotesque and miscalculated stage trick, or had he been a leader by moral and intellectual eminence, he might have been sure of the sympathy of his party and of all candid men. But he does not receive it, because he has not deserved it. He has been content with the adulation of parasites, and has seen with apparent indifference the alienation of the ablest and best men of his party. His final contest has been waged, not with the common political foe, but with the Administration of his own party and with the Republican majority of the Legislature. His rule has been a despotism, petty, indeed, but unscrupulous. Its method was shown at Utica a year ago last winter, and at Chicago. His supreme effort was to force a third-term candidacy upon an unwilling party, and he falls in seeking to revenge his discomfiture upon the man who defeated it. His catastrophe, therefore, to compare small things with great, recalls Byron's lines upon Napoleon at Elba:

> "The Desolator desolate!
> The Victor overthrown!
> The Arbiter of others' fate
> A Suppliant for his own!"

His long habit of public life, and the love of notoriety which belongs to a theatrical nature, may bring him again into the political arena. But even if by any chance he should be re-elected, the glamour is gone. He can never regain the position from which, sooner or later, he was sure to fall, and which with characteristic audacity he relinquished in order to seize it again with a flourish.

THE COURTESY OF THE SENATE.

There is still a question in some minds of the exact rights of Senators in reference to appointments, and of what is meant by the courtesy of the Senate. The Constitution answers the first question in saying that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint," etc. The duty of a Senator, therefore, constitutionally begins when the nomination is made. The Constitution does not state for what reasons he may refuse to approve a nomination, but that is left to his honor and to reason. Personal unfitness in the candidate nominated, or evident injury to the public service from the appointment, are obviously sound reasons for refusing assent. But objection to a nomination, otherwise unexceptionable, because it does not promote the personal or political purposes of a Senator, is as plainly unconstitutional in spirit as it is demoralizing to the service and dangerous to the government. Refusal to vote to confirm a nomination by the President because it would remove an efficient officer in the middle of his term is in itself perfectly justifiable. But the practice of the Senate, and the decision of the First Congress, which is accepted as a constitutional interpretation, assume that the President may remove upon his responsibility, and his liability to impeachment for misuse of the executive power.

Under this decision the President removes by the nomination of another person, and, as a rule, the Senate formerly acquiesced, except for reasons of unfitness or party difference. In such cases the Senate assumed that the removing power was satisfied that there were good reasons for the change. To ask the reasons which induce the Executive to propose the change is equivalent to demanding its reasons for making a nomination; and as the Constitution gives the President the initiative of appointment, and it is agreed that he has the power of removal, his action in both cases belongs to his constitutional discretion. Should his reasons be asked, he may properly decline to answer. His act speaks for itself. If the Senate, in case of a proposed removal, when the person nominated is unobjectionable, refuses to confirm, it departs from the usual practice founded upon the decision of 1789, and practically asserts for itself a share in the removing power, which, whether belonging to it or not, even Mr. Webster conceded had been practically renounced by acquiescence in the decision.

The courtesy of the Senate is a modern practice wholly at variance with the spirit of the Constitution, and with the decision of 1789. It springs from the enormous increase of official patronage, and in effect works a revolution. It holds that the power of the party of the national administration can be efficiently maintained only by a complete and thorough organization in every State, and that this can be secured only by a skillful distribution of the rewards and punishments of local patronage, which can be effected only with the approval of the Senators, who necessarily know the politics of their States better than the President. The result is a practical usurpation of the executive power, and an assertion that the President is to nominate only at the pleasure of individual Senators if he wishes to have his nominations confirmed. The courtesy of the Senate consists in the mutual acknowledgment of this dictation among the members. It assumes that every Senator will be governed in his vote upon confirmation, not by the presumption that the President makes it for good reasons, nor by his knowledge or conviction of its fitness or unfitness, but solely by the wishes of the Senators from the State. The practice makes the Senators the brokers of government patronage for their States, and enables them to build up a vast mercenary machine, the condition of appointment to place being personal devotion to the Senators. The system thus gives to the Senators the control of all the public money which is spent as salaries in their States, to further their own personal ends, and it is necessarily destructive of honest and honorable politics. The party in every State becomes a mere personal party. Founded upon patronage, it excludes from active politics those who will not trade and dicker; it produces bosses instead of leaders, and parasites instead of friends. In New York, where the system has been supreme, the result is the suppression of intelligence and independence in the control of party, and a despicable despotism of bummers and hucksters. The Republican party of the State has been summoned to approve in its baldest and most arrogant form the doctrine upon which the courtesy of the Senate is founded. It is asked to rebuke the President for disregarding it, and the Senate itself for renouncing it. It is a monstrous proposition, and, as we write, every sign happily shows that the appeal will be vain.

HOW TO DEAL WITH DIRT.

Commander Gorringe declines to undertake the cleaning of the streets, for the reason that the bill makes it impossible for him to do what we hoped that he would do, namely, show how efficiently an important public service can be done upon business principles. Careful study of the bill has satisfied him that the authority is so divided that there is practically very little power, and virtually no responsibility. This was to be expected from a bill drawn upon the principle that "patronage means votes," and not with reference to the object to be accomplished. A street-cleaning bill engineered by the faithful agent of the officer who is held to be chiefly responsible for the present condition of the streets was not likely to be a very efficient law. Prepared by politicians for party purposes, the public interest was sure to suffer, and the first proof of it is the refusal of Commander Gorringe to serve under it.

But the only remedy for the situation lies in this bill, and the Mayor, while pointing out its grave defects, has pledged himself to use such authority as it gives him to provide for the cleanliness and health of the city. There are other vigorous and efficient executive agents besides Commander Gorringe, and if the Mayor will renounce the Purroy precedent, and, in accordance with his letter while the bill was pending, nominate some citizen totally regardless of patronage and politics, and with sole concern for the thorough and economical cleaning of the streets, he will have done his duty. When the proper officer is found, it will be no less his duty, in the discharge of which he will be cordially sustained by public opinion, to state frankly the extent and kind of obstruction with which patronage and politics try to thwart his task.

The whole street-cleaning movement of this spring is a forcible illustration of the myriad mischiefs of treating every public work as a matter of spoils. If there be a public service which is not political or partisan, it is that of removing dirt from the streets, and the inquiry into a scavenger's or street sweeper's politics is as absurd as the same inquiry of a boy who shovels snow from the sidewalk. Yet, in pursuance of the plan of bribing voters by the public money, which is the essence of patronage, the contest to secure the money becomes at once the main object, and the streets are left to breed pestilence until that struggle is settled. We still hope that the Mayor will find a business man to clean the streets upon business principles, and to show political bummers the door. But if the practical operation of the bill shows that the Superintendent is so tied up that free action is impossible, the citizens who met at Cooper Institute and Steinway and Chickering halls to ask to be allowed to clean their own streets, will learn that they can not even get mud out of the highway, as they can not secure sober nurses and humane attendants in the public institutions, until they take hold with invincible resolution to destroy the plague of professional politicians by destroying patronage.

TROPICAL NEW YORK.

The prostration of Brooklyn militia by the heat in the early part of May, and the similar event on Decoration-day, are very significant reminders that no summer heat is more intemperate than that of our temperate climate. Because we do not call our zone a tropic, we seem to suppose that we need not take the most simple precautions against the tropical fury of part of our summer. Every year during the days of 90° and upward, the newspapers publish long and terrible lists of sufferers from sun-stroke and the overpowering heat. But nothing is changed. The order of our life proceeds as if in a temperate zone there could be no need of taking account of the fervid sun.

Italy is not a tropical country, but there are very hot days in Italy, and the sensible Italians conform their lives and the duties of the day to the temperature. They do not go on with the mercury at 95° as if it were not necessary to take care. They do take care, and there is not an appalling list of sun-strokes every morning. The English-speaking race seems to be ashamed of protecting itself against heat, or of allowing it to change any plan or order. There is even a reluctance to carry a sun-umbrella, as if it were somehow unmanly. Our national habit of counteracting the heat by ice-cold fiery drinks does not mend the matter. The difference on a hot summer morning between a crowd of Americans standing before a counter and swallowing iced "juleps" and "smashes" and "cocktails," then hurrying away, and a group of Southern Europeans sitting at a café and sipping cool drinks that are not iced fire, is not only the difference between a busy and a leisurely people, but between a people that takes the heat sensibly and another that has not learned how to deal with it.

If the merciful man is merciful to his beast, how much more to other men. Those who control large bodies of laborers whose work is in the open air will harm neither themselves nor their work if in the few burning days of summer they regulate the work so that the dangers of the heat are lessened. There are many men in the country who require early and late hours of labor when the middle of the day is too intense, and they lose neither in the regard of those whom they employ nor in the result of the work. A little thoughtfulness of this kind is a drop of oil that smooths the working of human relations to the most beneficent results. There was more than one parade abandoned on Decoration-day, when the mercury was at 90°, and it was a good sign. When soldiers must necessarily march and fight, as on the burning day at Monmouth, the heat is part of the foe. But it would be very absurd for the militia to fire with bullets in a sham-fight, or to oppose themselves to withering heat for fun.

A DESPERATE PROJECT.

It has been suggested that the Republican opponents of the Administration will hold fast in a dead-lock until the Legislature is exhausted, and that, if the election of the autumn should show a Democratic majority, the Governor will call the present Legislature together to elect two Senators, and with a better chance for Mr. Conkling. We venture to say that under no circumstances would the Governor take part in such a conspiracy. It is a proposition that the question shall be submitted to the people of the State whether they wish two Republican Senators to be elected, and if they declare emphatically that they do not, that a superseded Legislature shall proceed to elect Republican Senators.

The very suggestion shows the mad folly which characterized the whole proceeding of the Conkling resignation. Such a course would justly condemn the Republican party as totally unfit to control the government of the State, while any Governor who should lend himself to such a scheme would be politically extinct. It is substantially the plan which Alexander Hamilton urged upon John Jay in the spring of 1800. The Federalists had lost the Legislature at the election, and Hamilton wrote to Jay that there was a moral certainty of the election of Jefferson, unless he would summon the existing Federal Legislature to appoint Presidential Electors. Hamilton agreed that there were "weighty objections" to such a course, but he said it was a time in which it would "not do to be overscrupulous." John Jay wrote upon the back of the letter: "Proposing a measure for party purposes which I think it would not become me to adopt."

Should the plan be gravely proposed to Governor Cornell to wait long enough to learn what the people of New York wish, and then to do precisely what they declare that they do not wish, he would, we are very sure, say, as temperately and as firmly as John Jay, "Proposing a measure for party purposes which I think it would not become me to adopt."

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

The late Vice-President was a citizen of New York, and the simple dignity of his conduct throughout his official term was as becoming to the office as it was natural to the man. He retired with universal respect. The present Vice-President is also from New York, but by common consent he has already compromised the character of his office. During the brief period since his election he has been conspicuous for three things: his speech at the Dorsey dinner; his prevention of the election of a President *pro tempore* of the Senate; and his lobbying for the re-election of Mr. Conkling.

The Vice-President's speech at the Dorsey dinner was a hilarious congratulation, scarcely veiled, that he had been elected to the Vice-Presidency by the skill of the Star Route contractor in putting money where it would do the most good. The prevention of the election of a temporary President of the Senate the Vice-President is reported to have explained by saying, that if he had left the chair, as is customary, the temporary officer would have been a Democrat. But this would have been the consequence of the resignation of the New York Senators, whose cause the Vice-President has made his own. His lobbying for the re-election of Senators who, in order to wage war upon the Administration, of which he is a part, betrayed the Senate into Democratic hands, is the most discreditable incident in the career of any Vice-President, and it has received both the public and private condemnation which it deserves.

These are but added warnings to those that former experience has furnished of the necessity of selecting a candidate for the Vice-Presidency with some regard to antecedents and probabilities. He is a possible President of the United States, and none of the usual considerations, such as money, and locality, and party "stripe," and personal relations to "leaders," are of the least importance compared with character and standing as a public man.

A LESSON FOR DECORATION-DAY.

There was no pleasanter Decoration-day reading than an editorial article in the *Daily Chronicle and Constitutionalist*, the oldest newspaper in the South, published in Atlanta, Georgia. It was in reply to a comment of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in London, upon the resignation of Messrs. Conkling and Platt. Repelling the insinuation of decadence in our institutions, the *Chronicle and Constitutionalist* said:

> "In all the world to-day there is no stronger government than ours. It is strong because it is founded on the affections of the people, not sustained by bayonets. Each year intensifies this affection. Its blessings, the happiness it brings to communities and individuals, are more and more felt and appreciated as we witness the troubles of other countries. No political excitement can make the people forget what they owe to the country in which they live, nor can the disappointed ambition of any man or set of men disturb the permanence of our institutions. We passed through the most gigantic war of modern times; we emerged with one side victorious and imperious, the other defeated and bitter over its defeat. To-day, not twenty years after the final scene of that war, we are more one people than ever in the history of the republic. Sectional animosities have been forgotten, and those who were the victors and those who were the vanquished are working alike to advance the interests and add to the prosperity of the Union. Would such a thing have been possible if our republic had not been founded on a rock, if its Constitution was not a living principle and not a mockery?"

So simple and strong an expression of patriotic feeling from such a source will find a hearty welcome in every generous American heart. It is the best possible augury of the result which it anticipates—a constantly stronger and more intelligent country.

THE REVISED GREEK TESTAMENT.

The first question that came before the revisers of the received version of the New Testament was the Greek text to be adopted as the basis of their labors. They decided to confine their attention to those passages only in which the variety of readings in the original affects the English translation; and to enable scholars to test this portion of their work, without a resort to many diverse editions, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge published simultaneously editions of the full Greek text, embodying all the readings adopted by the revisers. Of these editions the London *Saturday Review* says: "The method followed in the Cambridge book, edited by Dr. Scrivener, seems to us to show these variations more distinctly than that adopted by Archdeacon Palmer in the Oxford book, and the type of the former is larger. But the Clarendon Press volume is beautifully printed. Though this again is eclipsed by the exquisite edition of Dr. Westcott's and Dr. Hort's Greek text, issued by the Pitt Press on the same 17th of May—a day to be much remembered by Biblical critics. This last work, formed exclusively on documentary evidence, without reference to any printed text, has been long expected by scholars. It is probably the most important contribution to Biblical learning in our generation. The revisers, it is understood, had the advantage of consulting it during the progress of their work." American Biblical scholars will be glad to learn that an edition of this valuable work of Drs. Westcott and Hort will soon be issued from the press of Harper & Brothers.

A SOUTHERN DEMOCRATIC VIEW.

If the Democrats in New York can not contrive to secure a Democratic Senator in the present contest, they hope to see Mr. Conkling re-elected, "to make war upon the Republican Administration." But Southern Democrats, who have never had a very profound respect for their Northern followers, take a different view.

The Memphis *Avalanche*, in reply to the letter of a Republican member of Congress who fears the collapse of our political system if Mr. Conkling should not be re-elected to fight the Administration, says, with patriotic good sense:

> "From the tenor of Mr. Moore's letter, he evidently believes that the Republican party will be lost unless Conkling be conciliated and the President humiliated. It is safe to say, however, that nineteen-twentieths of the Congressman's Republican constituents believe that the further boss rule of Conkling will alone destroy the Republican party, and if the President had been so weak as to withdraw the nomination of Robertson, he would have been as universally despised as he is now universally applauded. The President is not only stronger to-day with his own party, but he has commanded the respect and admiration of the Democrats for his manly assertion of the plain prerogatives of his high office. He is the President of the nation, and every patriotic citizen can take a just pride in having a man at the White House who can't be bulldozed."

SIR EDWARD THORNTON.

We observe with great regret for the United States, but with great pleasure for him, that Sir Edward Thornton has been called by his government to the highest grade in his profession, and will leave Washington to become British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. It would be very hard to imagine a more acceptable English Minister in the United States than Sir Edward Thornton. Perfectly loyal to his own country and government, and a representative Englishman, he came to Washington just after the civil war, and through the stormy times of Andrew Johnson and the negotiations of the Treaty of Washington, for which he was one of the commissioners, and amid all the subsequent debates, he has maintained a simple fidelity to his position which has won universal respect and confidence.

Sir Edward was born, so to speak, into the diplomatic service. His father, we believe, was in the Foreign Office, and the son has risen gradually through the honorable degrees of his profession. During the Mexican war he was attached to the British legation at Mexico, and was of very great service as an intermediary between our military authorities and the Mexican government. He has served in Italy and Portugal, and in many countries of South America, coming to the United States from Brazil. English diplomacy is a life career, and to many of its officers it is necessarily a long and splendid exile. They may return to England occasionally upon a brief visit, but their lives are passed far away, making of their legations a little England, and illustrating English character in other lands.

Sir Edward Thornton has been long the dean of the diplomatic body in Washington, and his unostentatious primacy has been harmonious with the modest manliness which official honors can not affect. No English Minister in this country has ever been more cordially respected, no English minister's departure could be more sincerely regretted.

PERSONAL.

Very Rev. Father Quin, Vicar-General of the archdiocese of New York, and Very Rev. Father Preston, Chancellor, have been elevated by the Pope to the rank of Monsignori, with the rank of Domestic Prelates. The rank carries with it no special authority, but is purely honorary, and among Catholic ecclesiastics abroad is regarded as a very nice thing to have.

—Sojourner Truth, at one hundred and six, maintains her youthful spunk. She received recently from England a silk gown, which, she says, "I am bound to live to wear. I have started in for another hundred years, and I want to live now more than ever. There is no better world than this."

—Mr. Henry Irving has received and declined an offer of $100,000, and all expenses paid, for a seven months' theatrical tour in America, which is perhaps the largest offer ever made to an actor.

—Calvary Church, Fourth Avenue, was the scene of a very bright wedding on the 2d inst., when the Right Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley, D.D., Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Herman D. Aldrich, Esq. The service was performed by Bishop Dudley's friend Bishop Galleher, of Louisiana, assisted by the venerable Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and Bishop Potter, of New York. Bishop Dudley is one of the youngest bishops in the Church, and is in the very prime of manhood—forty-two. He goes to Europe for his wedding trip, and while in England can scarcely fail to attract attention by his eloquence as a preacher and his brilliant social qualities.

—The Rev. Mr. Langham came pretty near being made a meal of lately in New Zealand. Miss Gordon Cumming relates that in her recent trip in that country an aged cannibal stroked the Rev. L. admiringly, in her presence, while exclaiming, "Oh, how fat you are!" Lang-ham is the kind of nourishment much desiderated by the jejune New-Zealander.

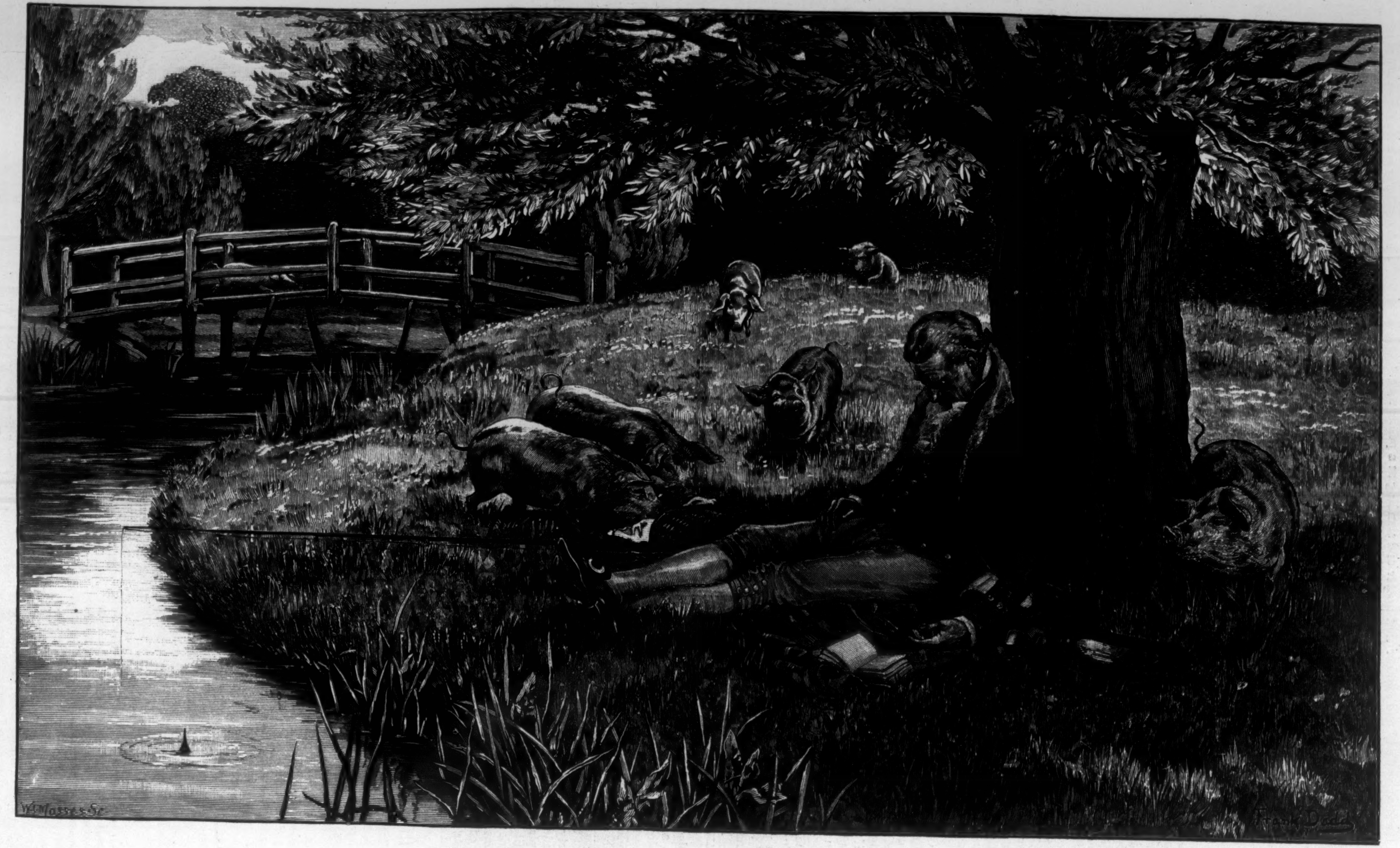
—President Garfield will attend the next Commencement at Williams College, and with him will be Secretaries Blaine, Lincoln, and Hunt. President Porter, of Yale, will have something appropriate to say, and President Garfield will of course make a point of saying pleasant things of his alma mater.

—Mr. W. Fraser Rae, in a clever article in the June number of the *International Review* on "George Eliot's Life and Writings," says: "When Scott began his career as a novelist, twenty other writers of novels enjoyed reputation and popularity. A novel was published once a fortnight in 1814, the year that *Waverley* appeared. At the time of Scott's death, in 1832, two novels were published every week. In the interval of forty-five years which separated the publication of *Waverley* from George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, three thousand novels have been given to the world in Great Britain alone. The rate of production in that country has so rapidly increased since *Adam Bede* appeared, in 1859, that five hundred and eighty novels were published in Great Britain last year, being at the rate of more than one a day."

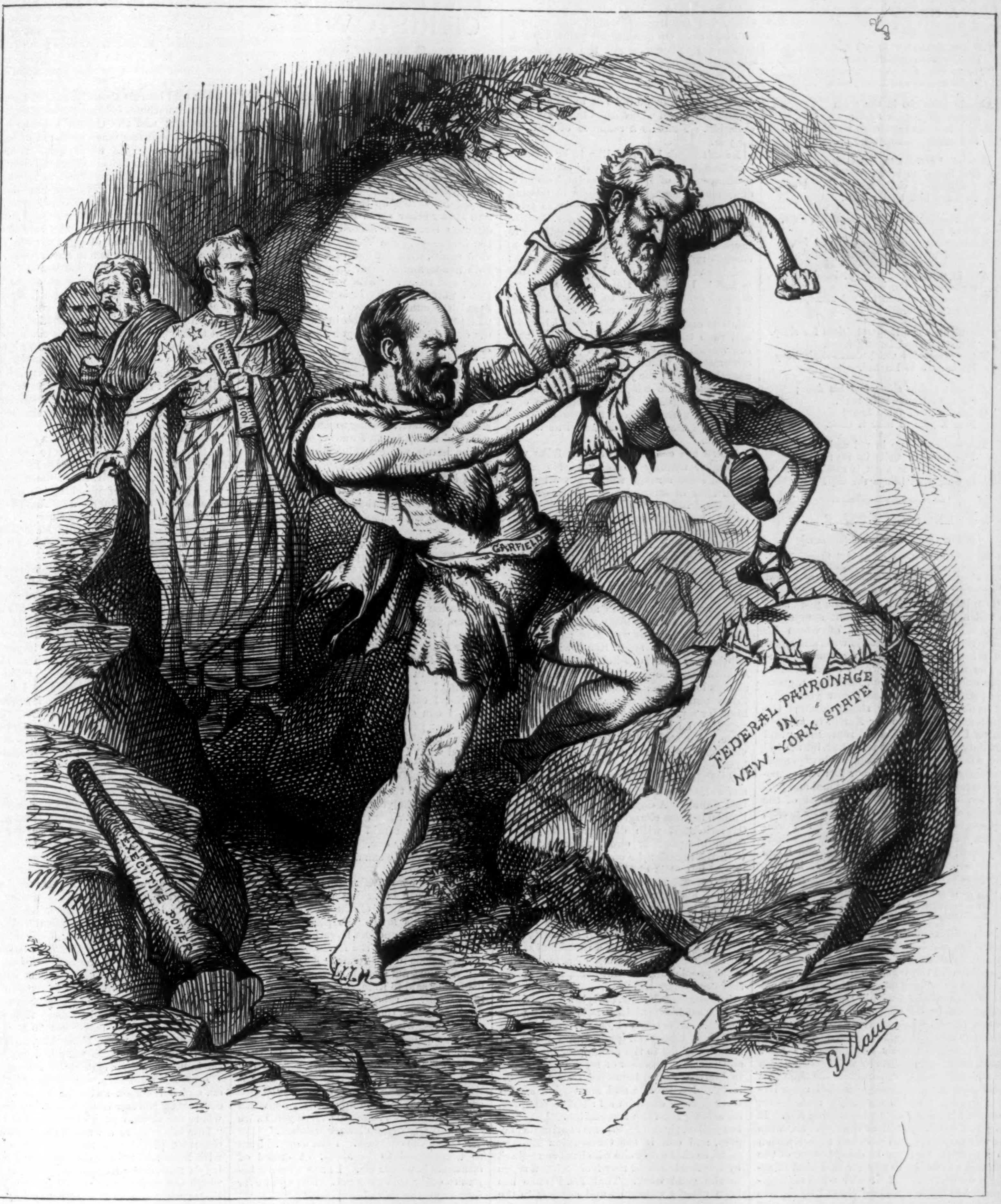
—In September, 1873, occurred the memorable failure of Jay Cooke & Co., the greatest calamity of the kind that ever occurred in the financial history of the country. The transactions of the firm were on a colossal scale, and their liabilities were counted by millions. During the war, when the government required enormous amounts of money, they were the chief negotiators in placing its loans. It was regarded among the impossibilities that the senior and animating member of the firm should ever recover from the fall. But he has done so. He has again touched par, and a few days ago was the purchaser at auction of Ogontz, the magnificent country place where he formerly dispensed a princely hospitality. His debts have all been paid, and by the gradual appreciation of securities that shrunk to nearly nothing during and succeeding the panic of 1873, he is now a man of wealth, and his financial honor without stain.

—A Maine lady who met George Eliot at a hotel in Switzerland, just after *Romola* appeared, heard her one day reading aloud in French to a little girl in the garden, and the American drew near to listen to the musical tones. Presently Mrs. Lewes glanced at the intruder and said, "Do you understand?" "I do not care for the matter," answered the American; "I only came to listen to your sweet voice." "Do you like it?" said Mrs. Lewes, with some surprise. The American warmly expressed her admiration, and George Eliot's face lighted with pleasure as she took her hand, saying: "I thank you. I would rather you would compliment my voice than my *Romola*."

—Not very long before Lord Beaconsfield's last illness he invited Sir George Elliot to make him a little visit at Hughenden. There was no other guest. Sir George (the father-in-law of Mr. J. C. Parkinson, well remembered by old members of the Lotos and Union Clubs) is the artificer of his own large fortune. Of the many things talked over during the visit, the London *World* says, "two things only transpired, and these after many months. One, that (presumably after the subjects of an immediately practical bearing had been exhausted) the new peer and the new baronet—both the first of their line, both in the strictest sense of the phrase self-made, and both in their several walks eminently qualified to speak of success in life—took it into their heads to moralize together on the qualities which their experience had taught them led to such success, the qualities which insure what is called good fortune, and the absence of which makes failure, positive or comparative failure, certain. Both took for granted the commonplaces of self-help, industry, courage, determination, energy, talent. But people fail mysteriously in life every day who appear to possess these admirable qualities; and it was what less watchful observers of cause and effect might pass by as less practical virtues that these two keen men of the world agreed upon as the true keys of the position. They ran as follows: *first, a lively sense of personal honor; secondly, tact, and unfailing serenity of temper; thirdly, the happy art of inspiring and retaining friendships.* Such was the deliberate summing up by these two experienced generals of their varied worldly knowledge and observation—such, in their shrewd far-seeing judgment, formed the true secret of victory in the unceasing battle of life."


W. J. Mosses Sc.
Frank Dadd

SWEET BE THY DREAMS!



HERCULES TEARS THESEUS FROM THE ROCK TO WHICH HE HAD GROWN.

TRAINING ELEPHANTS.

THE training of elephants is not always an easy task, and when the animal is really refractory, the keepers have "a heavy hand" with their charge. The most usual method of persuasion employed, when coaxing and feeding have failed, is, we believe, to "job them with a pitchfork till blood is freely drawn"; at least this was the explanation given by a trainer of repute of his own practice in his gentle art, and it accords with Strabo's assertion that "to prevent them shaking themselves in order to throw off those who attempt to mount them, they [the ancient Indians] make cuts all round their neck, and then put thongs of leather into the incisions, so that the pain obliges them to submit to their fetters and to remain quiet." Under this or similar treatment an elephant can be made to exhibit the greatest docility in the arena, and will show a touching devotion to his keeper, which can not fail to render the circus at which he is employed as moral an exhibition as **Artemus Ward's** own celebrated "Snaix." We have seen an elephant-trainer put his head in the mouth of one of his *protégés* during a performance, when the brute obstinately kept its mouth closed, and was only induced to change its mind by a violent kick upon the trunk from a pair of heavy boots. No doubt this "little eccentricity" was followed by summary and severe punishment; but we must confess that to so intelligent a creature as an elephant the insertion of a human head into its mouth must have seemed such an idiotic proceeding that a little hesitation as to what to do with it is quite allowable. In Baroda, under the late Gaikwar's rule, a huge elephant was kept as the public executioner, and used to dispatch poor wretches, at the word of command, by crushing their skulls with his enormous foot. Perhaps this elephant may have imagined that some such duty was expected of him, and was merely turning the matter over in his mind.

When an elephant is callous, even to the gentle persuasion of the pitchfork, and goes "must"—that is to say, hopelessly depraved and rampant—there is only one kind of influence which can be advantageously exercised, and that is to "influence his head off," or, at least, to adopt the handiest available form of euthanasia. The poor old historical elephant in England, maddened by toothache, had to be treated by a firing party of soldiers; and another submitted to about a quart of prussic acid, entailing fatal consequences to a butcher who had been called in to assist in its subsequent dissection. As a rule, they are very patient under pain, and easily recognize the fact that any proposed operation is "for their good." There are two elephants at this moment in the London Zoological Gardens who have submitted to surgical treatment, the one for an accident which tore off a portion of its trunk, the other for an abscess in the face. The ancients also knew how to treat sick or wounded elephants; and Ælian gives an elaborate description of the therapeutics employed, dwelling at the same time upon the *gratitude* which the creatures evinced when cured. On the whole, we need not wonder that Ganesha, the Hindoo God of Wisdom, is represented with an elephant's head, to symbolize the possession of extraordinary sagacity.

A NIGHT'S REST.

By H. H.

The sun sinks low in red and gold;
The Emperor gazeth west:
"Thank God, the day is nearly told!
Night comes, and I may rest."

Already midnight in the room
Appointed for his sleep;
Barred iron shutters cage its gloom,
And stifling stillness keep.

Through all the antechambers vast,
Bell linked to bell, to bell;
The lightning's chain is forged and cast,
To warn him by its spell.

With stealthy footsteps, measured, slow,
Silent on pain of death,
His hundred guards creep to and fro,
Armed to their very teeth;

And in safe hiding-place, at hand
By subterranean way,
The fleetest coursers bridled stand,
To wait till break of day.

'Tis night. The Emperor faints for sleep.
With slow and halting tread,
These thresholds which death-vigils keep
He crosses to his bed.

A secret spring shuts fast his door;
No mortal knows its trick.
O fatal sign of fated hour!
Fate laughs to hear it click.

The sun comes up in red and gold;
The Emperor waits its ray:
"Thank God, the night is safely told!
O God, what brings the day?"

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

An Uncanny Subject.—A queer Will Story.—Disadvantages of being a Judge.—Grantly Berkeley.—Filial Obedience.—Carlyle's Reminiscences.—Forged Characters.

The late Alexander Smith, the poet, used to tell a humorous story about sympathy. An Aberdeen acquaintance, of whom he knew very little, had lost his wife, and upon his meeting with him after that calamity, he thought a few words of condolence were only proper. "You have had a great trial, Mr. Campbell, since I saw you last." "Yes, sir, you may say that," rejoined the gentleman from the far North, in accents which I only wish I could reproduce, "and not only was it a great trial, but, let me tell you, a matter of varra considerable expense." Similarly the death of poor Lord Beaconsfield is not only a loss both national and particular, but it takes the bread out of the mouths of folks like me, who live by gossip, but are, notwithstanding, of very strict principles. There is just now nothing else talked about, and the subject is not one I can write about with satisfaction. It is true, the poet tells us

> "La mort était de tout temps l'asile de la gloire.
> Rien jusqu'ici pour suivre la mémoire—
> Rien excepté la vérité."

But there is something uncanny even in saying what one believes to be the truth, if it is not favorable, of one who has recently gone beyond the reach of our voices.

What an enormous quantity of type must have been released within the last few days which has been "set up" at the newspaper offices these many years! At what date in eminent men's lives, I wonder, do editors begin to bespeak their obituaries? I have often heard complaints by writers of articles of this kind of the unconscionable time this and that great personage insists upon living, during which somebody's money—or, rather, his money's worth—is lying idle. It is greatly to the credit of the upper servants of the press that no political assassination has ever taken place in consequence of the refusal of editors to pay for this kind of article on delivery. I wonder what arrangement was made about all those biographies of our heir-apparent which, at the time of his alarming illness, were put in type, fortunately to no purpose? Many a hand that wrote them must itself lie cold in death. If I could spare the time, I would prevent all this financial inconvenience in my own case by writing my own obituary. But perhaps it is better to let things take their usual course: modesty, after all, might prevent my doing my own merits full justice. Dear Harriet Martineau's obituary in the *Daily News* was, except the date, written by herself, and it is the least eulogistic of any I have ever read.

In Berlin, it seems, it is customary for those who wish to make their wills to do so at a public office. In case of illness, of course, this can not be done, and notice is sent that certain officials should visit the would-be testator at his own house. Application was thus made last week on behalf of a certain merchant. In course of inquiries as to identity, the sick man's attendant called the landlord, who testified to the invalid having been his lodger for a long time. The lawyers then began to prepare a codicil, when a noise was heard on the staircase, and a man demanded admittance, which was at first refused him. On gaining his point, he said, "That man yonder is not the man whose name he has assumed; the merchant he pretends to be lies dead in the next room." And so it proved. The would-be forger was a relative whose name did not appear in the original will, and who wished to supply that omission. There is a romance of real life for you.

I don't think I should like to be a judge—although the position has its advantages—on account of the enemies (and dangerous ones) one must needs make in passing sentence. Last week a soldier was tried for attempted murder, and on Mr. Justice Hawkins asking him if he had anything to say, he replied, "Only this, that I mean to commit murder whenever I get a chance; and the very first person I mean to murder is *you*." Upon this the judge (most prudently) sentenced him to penal servitude for the term of his natural life. But, after all, that only means twenty years, I believe, and then there is always the chance that the wretch may escape from jail. Such a circumstance would certainly give rise to apprehension in the judicial mind, if it did not suggest the adoption of chain-armor and a body-guard. No, "taking one consideration with another," the life of a criminal judge must have its thorns as well as its roses.

There are comparatively few folks who remember Grantly Berkeley in his prime. He did some strange things not all to his credit, but in some respects he was a man of mark. Before athletics became the rage, he was very famous for his speed and endurance, and on one occasion undertook to run down a deer, in which, however, if I remember right, he failed, thereby disappointing a large circle of aristocratic spectators. Though a "punch on the head" was his favorite panacea for those who disagreed with him, he was very kind to animals. By his will, I see, he leaves sixty pounds a year to his favorite servant "so long as my little terrier dog Jack shall live," which is to be diminished by one-half after its death. Annuitants, whether canine or human, are always long-lived. I had a friend who paid thirty pounds a year, under a will of this kind, for a parrot, for twenty years. I once asked if he thought the bird was really alive. He shook his head. "I doubt it very much," he said; "but it's very like him."

At Heilbronn, in Würtemberg, there was a trial last week quite unparalleled in criminal annals. A day-laborer laid up with a broken leg was charged with embezzlement. Overwhelmed with disgrace, and unable (from his peculiar circumstances) to rise with the occasion, he commanded his son to hang him. His obedient offspring accordingly carried him up to the loft, where he fulfilled his instructions to the letter. And the son has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment! Here we have the resolution of a Cato, the paternal authority of a Brutus, the obedience of a Casabianca, and a "number of other things of a number of other people" all in a nut-shell, not to mention the broken leg.

The contest over Mr. Carlyle's "Remains," or at least his *Reminiscences*, is getting pretty hot. Everybody but Mr. Froude now perceives that their publication has been most injurious to the memory of his friend, and it really becomes of some consequence to know who has benefited from it pecuniarily. Mr. Froude and Mr. Carlyle's relatives equally disclaim all right to the profits arising from the transaction. Let them be applied, therefore, to some charitable purpose, and call it the Consolation Endowment, so that every one who has been pained by the *Reminiscences* may feel he has a share in the good work. That Mr. Froude has been utterly negligent and careless in the matter is certain, whatever that secret may be he professes to have to reveal, and which Mrs. (Mary) Carlyle seems to defy him to do. The whole concern only corroborates the old-fashioned saying that "nothing is well done that is done for nothing"—a remark that will be henceforward peculiarly applicable to literary executorships.

The givers of forged characters for servants are growing very bold. Not content with writing their testimonials, they now appear in person, and are found staying at fashionable hotels, ready to give any guarantee for those old and valued retainers John Jones or William Smith. One of them has been playing the part of a Cumberland squire to Lord Robert Montague with great success, and has succeeded in imposing upon that nobleman a fraudulent butler with great talents for drink. It seems to me that Lord Robert ought to have known a swindler from a squire; but I suppose it was the "Cumberland" that did it. He must have attributed any little eccentricities of manner to the seclusion of a mountain home.

R. Kemble, of London.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Continued.*)

GYPSYING DAY.

Not only did this young man now take stand on a very high level of principle, but he carried out with vigor filial duty, and helped his father up the hill. Almost before Miss Arthur could get into a nice indifferent state, and absorb her mind upon the landscape, John Westcombe came into view again, with one end of a long stick in both hands, and his dear father's hat at the other end rising. "Stiff work—stiff work. Don't pull too hard. It is worse than any Spanish mountain," the elder gentleman panted forth. "Don't be in such a hurry, my dear Jack; we have got all the day before us."

"Allow me to introduce," said Jack, excited beyond all filial bounds, "my dear father, Colonel Westcombe. Miss Arthur, this is Colonel Westcombe."

"Lugged in at the utmost disadvantage," said the Colonel, laboring to make a flourish. "But, bless my heart, I know you, my dear! Shake hands, while I think how I came to know you."

"I am certain," said Rose, with her bright blushing smile, as he took both her hands and admired her, "that if I had ever met you before, sir, I should not have forgotten you."

"And yet I have forgotten you? Well put. That would be a disgrace to me. No; I suppose it was but a fancy. My memory begins to play me tricks. But if I do not know your face, I know its expression, and it does me good. It does me good to look at you, my dear, and to think of the days when I was young. There are very few lovely faces now. The young ladies are so pert and forward, and that spoils the prettiest face in the world. Have you been drawing? And may we see it?"

"No; I could not even tell where to begin. I can only draw a barn, or a linhay, or a stile; great distance and grandeur are beyond me altogether. I know what I can do, and what I can't."

"Then," replied the Colonel, who rejoiced in common-sense, "you know the most important thing there is for us to know. It is just what the young ladies never seem to know now; nor even the old gentlemen; I am very much afraid my son will tell you that I don't, for one. As for him, he does not know what he can do, and he is too bashful to find out."

"I like to hear my father talk," said Jack, who had been observing with intense delight the conquest of the Colonel by the maiden of his love; "he positively hates conceit, and no one can have less of it than he has. Yet one of the foremost objects of his life seems to be—to make me conceited."

"We must not trouble you, at first sight," his father said to Rose, very gravely—meaning thereby to rebuke his son for intruding family politics, though himself had set the example—"with such little discussions as we have at home. When we have the honor of knowing you better, it will be time enough for that. But why are you sitting here all alone? Has any jealousy on Julia's part—I mean have they contrived (for some young ladies are not entirely above all tricks) to put you aside, to shelve you, as we say, with any one no longer wanted?"

"Quite the contrary. I ran away. I am so accustomed to be alone. A crowd of strangers bewilder me. I have scarcely begun to enjoy this view yet. Have you ever seen anything more beautiful?"

"Never; at least of its own special kind. But we are interfering with your enjoyment. It was not my fault; it was my son's, though I must not blame him for so pleasant a surprise. But promise me one thing: if you are not engaged, allow me to take care of you when we meet by-and-by. I don't know what the arrangements are. But after the great engineering scheme, the fires will be lighted, and some cookery ensue. I mean, if the rain should have the manners to keep off. My old friend Short says that it will pour before six o'clock, and he is nearly always right. We must hope for the best. What would all the ladies do?"

Rose promised gladly to place herself in such good care, and upon that pledge they left her, and returned to the gay folk in the valley. "Now you understand why I brought you up," John Westcombe said, as they were going down the hill. "That is the young lady I mean to marry—that is to say, if I can. If I don't, I shall marry nobody."

"I never heard you speak like that before, and I think you might have asked my leave, or (if that is out of date) my opinion at least," his father replied, rather sharply for him. "You remind me of one great commander. She is a very sweet and charming girl. But I must know a great deal more about her. How did you make her acquaintance, my boy?"

Jack told him all about it, and all that he could tell without breaking his pledge to Mr. Arthur; and the Colonel's brave eyes shone with softness when he heard of what Rose had done. "A noble girl! A most noble girl! I am not surprised at your infatuation, Jack," he exclaimed, as he shook his son's hand again; "but you must not be in such a hurry. Such maidens are not to be won in a moment. Moreover, I must know more about her, or at any rate about her father. Keep out of sight for the rest of the day, and leave her to me entirely. I shall manage better than you would."

This arrangement was not at all to the liking of the younger gentleman; but he could not oppose it with any good grace, when his father had just been so kind to him. But before he had time to think much about that, or make any promise about it, a great patch of yellow was seen between the branches, waving and flapping over Fingle Bridge. "It must be a flag of 'keep away,' as we used to call it," said the old soldier to his son; "perhaps there are gypsies there, and small-pox."

"No; it is a flag of 'come on,' a signal for the men on the hill, and for us to assemble. The 'great piece of sport,' as Dicky Touchwood calls it, or, as Mr. Short describes it, 'the atrocious bit of poaching,' is now to come off for our enjoyment. That flag is the handkerchief of Canon Botrys, a bandana as large as a table-cloth. He is famous for them, and for his knowledge of port-wine."

Colonel Westcombe felt a deep interest in this, for he always liked to follow up such questions, and had often heard of Canon Botrys. "He deserves, then, to fly his own flag," said he.

But no time remained for discussion of the Canon's merits, or of even more important subjects, for spectacle and action at short notice took the place of dialogue. "You are not to go until they have begun. I beg of you, ladies, to be good enough to keep back; you will be in the way, and get frightfully splashed," Dicky Touchwood was shouting again and again; but the ladies were determined to be in good time, and were zealously hurrying one another. For Dicky had been too proud of his scheme to keep his own counsel about it.

"If you will only wait a quarter of an hour," he cried, in despair, as the ladies still rushed on, "I will have a path cut for you, such a nice path that you will be able to get along without the least danger to your dresses. But now—oh dear!—there will be such a lot of mending!" At this the ladies only laughed, and bore on all the faster, and a saucy girl called back to ask if he thought she had never been in a wood till now. "There won't be a fish, not a single minnow even, if you go ten steps further. Upon my word and honor, it is too bad, after all my trouble, to be laughed at!" So hot was his wrath that he strove to get in front of the ladies, to bar the way; but the track was so narrow and the ground so steep that without a rude push he could not do it. And Dicky was more polite than they, as a host and a gentleman must be. But suddenly the ladies met their match.

A shortish old man, with hedgers' gloves on, and a rip-hook swinging in one hand, confronted the fair troop at a sharp corner, where the narrow path overhung the river. "Yew baide there till nex' taime," said the old man, planting a sheep-hurdle stuffed with furze and brier under the saucy young lady's nose, and proceeding to lash it with tough oak frithles to a pair of stout ash saplings; "so yoon as Master Dicky hath had one of 'e a bit, a' wull know better than to razon wi' a vemmel." Having fastened his hurdle at the foot as well, John Sage proceeded with some more important work; and the ladies confessed themselves beaten, for the moment. "The wood is full of vipers just come out," they said to one another, with their usual knowledge; "and even if one could get out of their way, there is no getting through the vile brambles." So they made up their minds that there was nothing worth seeing. Nevertheless, they were all very angry, or, at any rate, pretended so to be, until they were called to their first refreshment, which proved most satisfactory.

"Now come and see my engineering," cried Dicky, running down the path, in a reek of mud and water, as one who had been laboring the while they were indulging. "No pop-stuff for me, no, thank you. One glass of ale, and I am off again. Mr. Short, you call yourself a great fisherman; come and see me catch more in one hour than you will catch in the whole course of your life."

It was villainously true, wicked advantage had been taken of a doubt of the river about its course, where a violent flood had once endeavored to cut short a gentle winding of the glen. "It ought to be straight," Squire Touchwood said, with a true Briton's love of brevity; "between its extreme points, it has no right to go twisting in that clumsy way. I will get the man's leave, and do it for him. We will invite him to see it done. It will improve his property ever so much; and if he behaves well, he shall have some fish." So Farmer Crany came down to see what they were going to do with him; and he lived upon so steep a hill that when he had to go home at night, it kept on knocking him on the chin, much as he tried to keep above it, while feeling that he meant what he had a right to do—to get at his house at the top of it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHEAP EXCURSIONS ON THE OHIO.

CHEAP excursions are a feature of the summer months on the Ohio River, and nearly all classes participate in them, but not all to the same extent. The laboring people of the larger cities, and especially of Cincinnati and Louisville, take advantage of Sunday and other holidays to get out of town with their families, and at the same time enjoy a ride on the river. They have many discomforts; but no matter how much crowded the boat may be on one Sunday, the same class—principally of Germans—is ready for another excursion the following Sunday.

In the summer the steamers used for cheap excursions are those which have ceased to run in their regular trades because of low water. The *Thomas Sherlock* is the largest steamer engaged in the Cincinnati and New Orleans trade. She is 285 feet long, with a carrying capacity of 1700 tons. The excursion illustrated was extensively advertised, and the steamer chartered to make a trip to Maysville, sixty miles, and return, for $300. The fare for the round trip had been fixed at fifty cents, and the number on board was variously estimated at from 1500 to 3000, the latter figure including children. No liquors were sold, but refreshments could be purchased on the boat. She left the wharf in the morning, and returned after midnight.

A recent event leads to the inquiry, Is there extraordinary danger attached to these monster excursions? There are two, viz., the boilers of a suitable steamboat are two, three, four, or more in number, ranged horizontally side by side, lengthwise of the boat, on the lower deck, immediately over the furnace, and are communicating. Should a passing steamer, or any object on either shore, induce the people to congregate on one side of the boat, she would be so listed that a portion of the water from some of the boilers would find its level in the others. The other danger is from capsizing under certain circumstances. But while these two dangers are mentioned as imminent, the writer can not recall to memory a serious accident that has occurred from either of the causes named.

Special excursion permits are issued to steamers by United States local inspectors, but these have heretofore been in some cases so far disregarded that the number of passengers carried has exceeded the number permitted; but a recent rule from the Treasury Department requires daily reports from the inspectors, which will cause them to guard against a violation of these special permits.

Small towns along the river discourage the advent of large Sunday excursions from the cities, because of the disorder that is likely to prevail; but large excursion parties are organized in these same towns to visit the cities on Sunday. Passengers are added at different points for a distance of one hundred miles or more along the route of the boat, the fare being graded according to distance.

In 1870, the first Saengerfest held in Cincinnati was concluded by a monster picnic, given at a grove on the bank of the Ohio within a few miles of the city, and it was estimated that 50,000 people were transported thither on not more than ten steamboats, each of which made two or three trips. As most of these people remained at the grove till a late hour of the afternoon, the reader may imagine the density of the throng on the last return trip of the boats.

Up to the time when the inclined planes leading to the hill-tops were constructed, short excursions by river to small towns and to picnic grounds were of daily occurrence during the summer, and on Sunday it was not uncommon that six or eight steamers would leave the Cincinnati wharf early in the morning, all decks covered with people, and with bands of music on board, to spend the day outside the city. Two causes operated toward a partial discontinuance of these excursions, viz., owners of boats began to regard Sunday excursions as disorderly; and second, the construction of inclined planes to the hill-tops provided quick transit and pure air at less cost.

Steamers engaged in regular trade sometimes organize special excursion parties for a round trip, always including in the rates of passage both meals and berth, and these rates are usually thirty to fifty per cent. less than the usual fare. Other steamers establish fixed round-trip rates. The rate from Cincinnati to New Orleans and return, occupying about twenty days, and including meals and room from the time the steamer leaves port until she returns, is forty dollars.

SONG OF THE REAPER.*

MY grandfather was right little and old,
  And crooked and worn was he;
But his teeth were good, and his heart was bold,
And he swam the waves of a sea of gold,
  But he couldn't keep up with me—me—me—
  Couldn't keep up with me.
Then hie! away to the golden plain!
We will crash and dash through glistening grain,
And gather the wealth of earth and sun,
And the world will eat when our work is done!

My father he was bent and lean,
  But a wide-spread hand had he;
And his fingers they were long and clean,
And he swung his broadsword bright and keen,
  But he never could fight with me—me—me—
  Never could fight with me!
Then hie! away where the sunlight sleeps,
And the wide-floored earth a granary keeps;
We will capture its bushels, one by one,
And the world will eat when our work is done!

The grain stalk bows his bristling head
  As I clatter and clash along,
The stubble it bends beneath my tread,
The stackers' yellow tent is spread,
  And the hills throw back my song—my song—
  The hills throw back my song!
Then hie! where the food of nations glows,
And the yellow tide of the harvest flows,
As we dash and crash and glide and run;
And the world will eat when our work is done!

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST.

THE inter-collegiate trophy will have the magenta colors suspended over it for at least another year. At the grounds of the New York Athletic Club, on Saturday, May 28, was shown the amount of muscle which vigorous struggling with Greek verbs and headstrong professors will superinduce, and fair Harvard was the alma mater honored by the victory. She won the 100 and 220 yard runs, through E. J. WENDELL, '82, in 10¼ and 23⅕ seconds respectively; the running high jump, of 5 feet 2¾ inches, and the standing high jump, of 4 feet 6¾ inches, through W. SOREN, '83; as well as the half-mile run, in the time of 2 minutes 7⅘ seconds, through J. T. COOLIDGE, '84.

Columbia was a good second in the sports, winning the one-mile walk, in 7 minutes 36⅕ seconds, by R. H. SAYRE, '81; throwing the hammer—76 feet 9½ inches—by J. H. MONTGOMERY, '81; the running broad jump, of 20 feet 9¼ inches, by J. E. JENKINS, '84; and the bicycle race of two miles, in 6 minutes 51 seconds, by C. A. REED, '83.

Lehigh University received medals for the pole vault, of 8 feet 9 inches, by F. W. DALRYMPLE, '83; and the hurdle race of 120 yards, in 18⅗ seconds, by R. T. MORROW, '81.

Yale won the mile run, in 4 minutes 40⅗ seconds, through THOMAS CUYLER, '82. Princeton won the tug-of-war by 4 feet 7 inches, beating both the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia teams. The University of Pennsylvania carried away the medal for the quarter-mile run, in 53⅘ seconds, by E. A. BALLARD, '81; and Stevens won a hard-contested struggle in putting the shot, by A. T. MOORE, '82, who made a record of 34 feet 11 inches.

To the lovers of athletic sports there was very much that was interesting in this contest, notably in the 100-yard dash, where Mr. WENDELL gained the fraction of a second over the best recorded time, and displayed fine action, even in these days of pedestriamania. Mr. HARRIMAN, of Princeton, was unfortunate in reserving the best of his wine until the close of the feast; for while he failed in the pole vault to score 8 feet 9 inches on the first trial, he made that height easily while jumping off a tie for the second place with Mr. GOODNOW, of Lehigh, winning that position, and which would have tied him with Mr. DALRYMPLE had he done as well at first.

The friends of Mr. JENKINS, of Columbia, feel certain he might have won the 220-yard run if he had entered the race fresh, instead of after he had participated in the hurdle race and the 100-yard dash. In this long race he started with a leap that gave him about four feet the advantage, and held nearly all of that for half the distance. He was badly used up at the finish, for he continued the race even after Mr. WENDELL had shown the medal to be his. The encouragement and enthusiasm shown him by his friends after he was beaten must have gone far toward consoling him for the loss of the trophy.

Mr. W. P. TROWBRIDGE, who was a good second in the hurdle race, claimed first place, owing to the closeness of the finish, but the umpire decided against him.

Although the hurdle race caused no small amount of enthusiasm, the bicycle race was the most exciting and finest sport of the day, and Mr. REED not only won in good form, but passed all former records by nearly one minute. There were six starters. Mr. TAYLOR, of Columbia, kept the lead during the first few laps, but was deprived of it by Mr. STEARNS. Mr. BILLINGS, of Yale, then showed at the front, and Mr. STEARNS had the misfortune to break his machine, which necessitated his withdrawing. Within about two laps of the finish, Mr. REED, who until that time had been in the rear, closed up with Mr. BILLINGS; and it seemed as if the cheers of his fellow-collegians gave a fresh impetus to both steed and rider, for he dashed ahead in a fine spurt, looking none the worse for his exertions as he passed under the line. Mr. WILLISTON, of Harvard, followed, but 3⅘ seconds behind the winner.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE spring meeting of the American Jockey Club in Jerome Park opened brilliantly on May 30. A more noteworthy feature of the opening than the races themselves was the large attendance of prominent patrons of the turf. Other noticeable features were the fine turn-outs with which spectators came to the races, and the large number of ladies present. The honors of the opening day were taken by horses from the stables of Mr. George Lorillard.

If it is true that the American forests will have disappeared thirty years hence, hunting will retain but few of its allurements, although a certain kind of exhilaration may still be found in crawling along the ridge-pole of the rear extension, with a boot-jack in one hand and a flat-iron in the other, and discharging both barrels at that point in the darkness where the sound indicates that the cats are thickest.

There was a trial of reaping-machines on May 6 in a field at Ghezireh, Egypt. In this part of the world the sight of a field ripe for reaping in May would be as rare, as a spectacle, as the noise of the reapers is rare, as a sound, in the region watered by the Nile. One of the competing machines was sent from the United States. The trial had not taken place when the last issue of the *Egyptian Gazette* that has reached this country was printed, and the result has not been announced here.

Lord Denman rides about London behind a near-sighted horse, which is enabled to see as well as the other horses by wearing spectacles.

According to the evidence in an Arkansas murder trial, the murderer committed the deed with a club, a rail, an axe-handle, a stone, a knife, and a shot-gun.

The largest pasture in the world is said to be that owned by Mr. Taylor Maudlin, in New Mexico. It is bounded on the north by Colorado, and on the east by the Indian Territory. On one side are forty miles of perpendicular rock fence, and an additional two hundred miles of fencing will be required for inclosing it. The owner was intending to sow a thousand tons of oats this season, and to pasture a hundred thousand cattle.

Boston mentions her east wind as one reason why the people would flock to a world's fair held there. In all the discussion about holding such an exhibition in New York, the east wind was not held up as an already existing advantage, nor were the three other winds, the Hunter's Point breezes, or the condition of the streets.

Two men and a kitten are soon to start in a dory from Bath, Maine, for Havre, France, and there is in the neighborhood of Bath a considerable feeling of anxiety concerning the fate of the kitten.

Early in May, when the thermometer stood at 84° in the shade at Prinetcon, Massachusetts, large drifts of snow lay along the roads and across them, overhung in some instances by branches of trees on which the buds were opening.

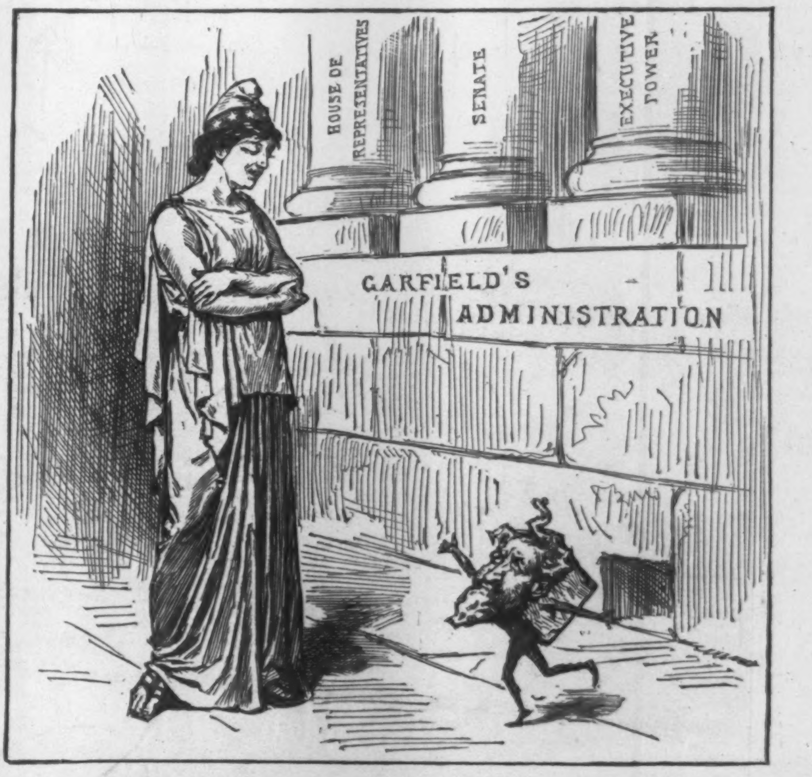
A Nevada paper steps out boldly in the direction of a better civilization, and firmly plants itself on the platform that it is mean to murder a man in the dark.

The players in the recent presentation of *Œdipus* will be likely to forget their lines. The Boston *Transcript* says that the play is "shelved again for another rest of two or three thousand years."

The new style of public conveyance known as the Herdic—a vehicle with seats for eight persons—is to be introduced in St. Louis, and on a recent Sunday morning a newspaper of that city announced, under the head-line "Heretics for St. Louis," that a number of residents "met last evening on Lafayette Avenue for the purpose of organizing a company to run a line of heretics on Jefferson Avenue and Pine Street."

Miss Bettie Green, of Georgia, raised cocoons, spun the silk, colored and wove it, and made for herself two dresses out of the cloth. It is suggested that some fortunate young man will find her an economical wife; but it may be that her exploit, viewed in a financial light, was like the producing of sugar by Commissioner Le Duc, which is said to have cost the government something over six dollars a pound.

Many years ago a few persons in San Francisco assumed ownership of the Farallone Islands, a group about thirty miles from the Golden Gate, and found a profitable business in gathering gulls' eggs and killing rabbits on the islands for the San Francisco market. Several attempts have been made by others to secure a foot-hold there, and share in the profits, but the new-comers were driven off by force of arms. At length the original squatters became so bold as to insist that a fog-horn should not be sounded, because it frightened the industriously disposed gulls from their nests. This led to inquiry in Washington as to the assumed rights of the egg-gatherers on the islands. The decision was made that they were squatters on United States reserved territory, and an order for their ejectment was issued. A marshal, with twenty-four soldiers at his command, read the order to eleven of the intruders, who made no resistance, but put their effects on board a steamboat, and left the islands in the possession of the government.



STAND FROM UNDER.

COBBLE (*who fondly imagines himself to be a corner-stone*). "Look out there! Stand from under! The whole thing is going to tumble to pieces now!"

COLUMBIA. "Ha! ha! Oh, yes, it looks like it!"

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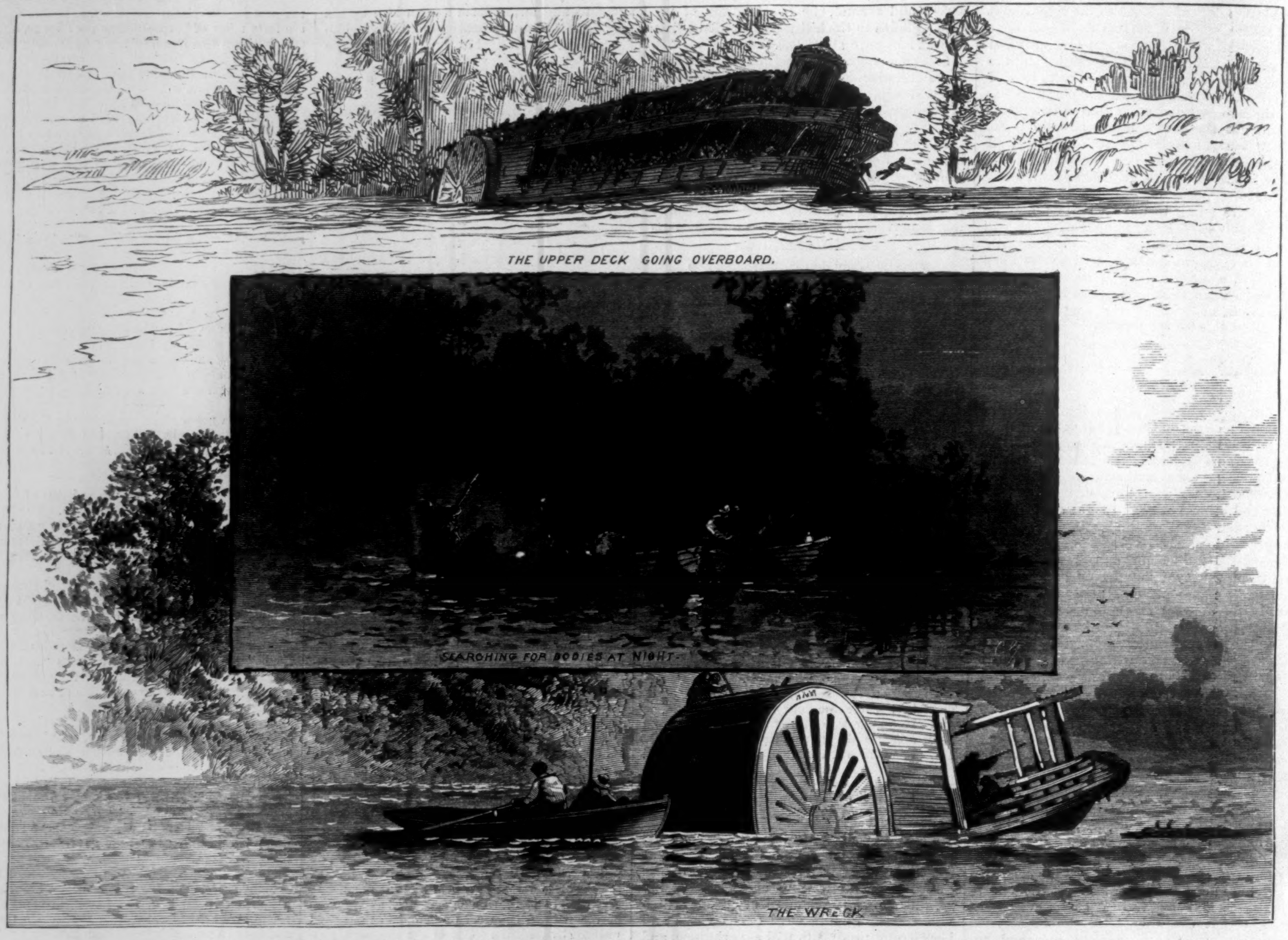
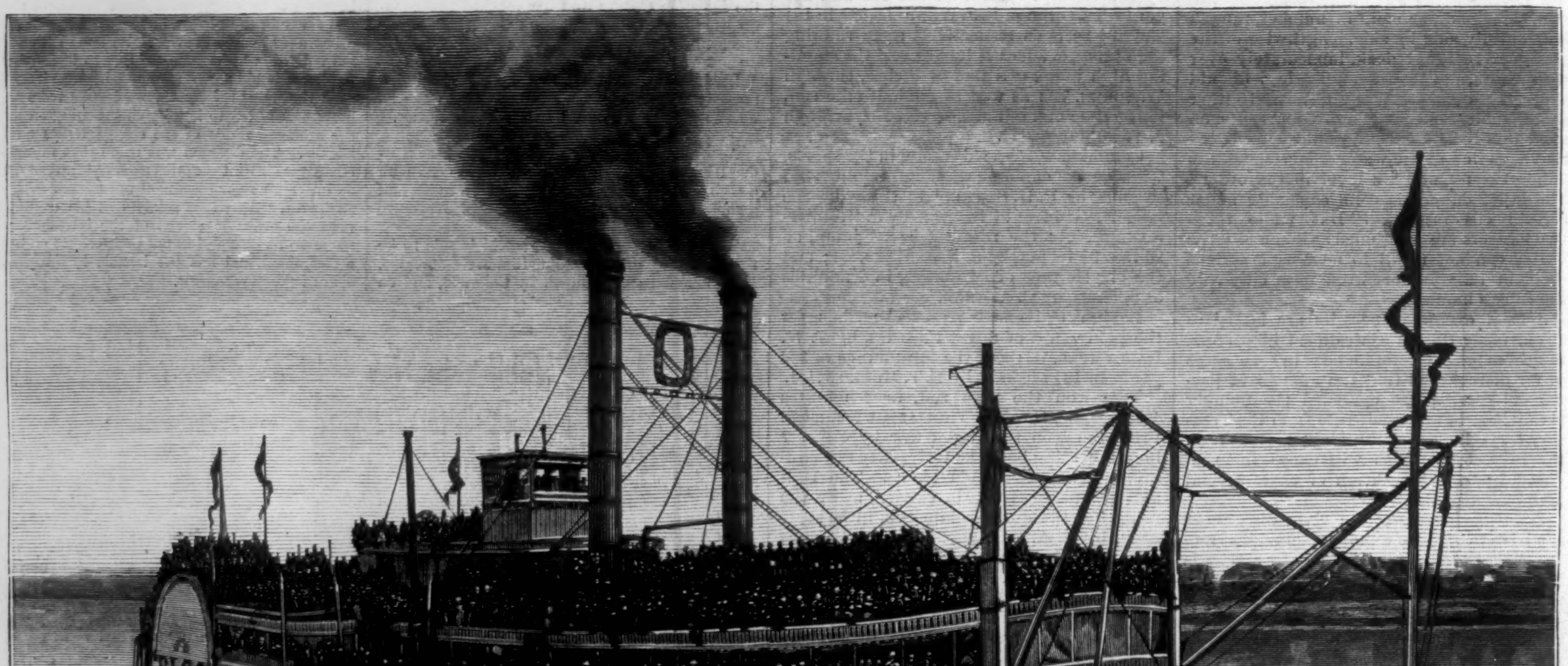
* From *Farm Festivals*, a new volume of poems, by Will Carleton. Harper & Brothers. *Nearly ready.*


THE UPPER DECK GOING OVERBOARD.
SEARCHING FOR BODIES AT NIGHT.
THE WRECK.

THE WRECK OF THE CANADIAN EXCURSION STEAMBOAT "THE VICTORIA."—From Sketches by W. L. Judson.—[See Page 402.]



A SUNDAY EXCURSION ON THE OHIO RIVER.—Photographed by D. C. Redington.—[See Page 395.]

[Continued from Front Page.]

it wasn't because she thought you was starving, for you don't look like that. No; she gave it to you that you might think it enough for one night's earnings, and go away home, and not be stared at any longer by a crowd of men. That was what the young lady was thinking in her mind; and if ever you spend that two shillings, Sal, you'll be a mean wretch.' And many's the time I thought I would like to speak to ye, miss, if only as it might be to ask your name."

This woman was frank even to boldness in her scrutiny, and her manner was rough and ready; but there was a touch of something fine about her—something true, downright, unmistakable—that somehow won people's confidence. Nan Beresford drew nearer to her, though she remained standing.

"Is there anything—" said Nan; and then she stopped. She was about to ask if there were anything she could do for this new acquaintance, but she suddenly reflected that the young woman was smartly dressed, and apparently well-to-do. Singing Sal quickly broke in on her embarrassment.

"Yes," she said, smiling; "you don't like my making a show of myself—singing for coppers in the street. But isn't there worse than that among the people you live among, miss? Mind, I see life in the rough; I can't always choose my company, and I have to take things as they come. But when I hear of very fine young ladies—mind, not poor girls driven by starvation, or forced to support a sick mother, or kicked out of doors by a drunken father—and these fine ladies going and selling themselves for so many thousands a year and a swell carriage—well, it sounds queer, I think. But I'm sure, miss," she said, regarding the girl, "you won't make a marriage for money. You don't look like that."

Again Nan Beresford flushed hastily, and she said, with a touch of anger: "I prefer not to speak of such things. I am tired of listening to women who can talk of nothing but sweethearts and marriage. Surely there are other matters of as much importance—"

But then it occurred to her that this was scarcely civil, so she turned to this pleasant-looking stranger, and said, with a grave courtesy, "I presume you are returning to Brighton?"

"Yes, I am."

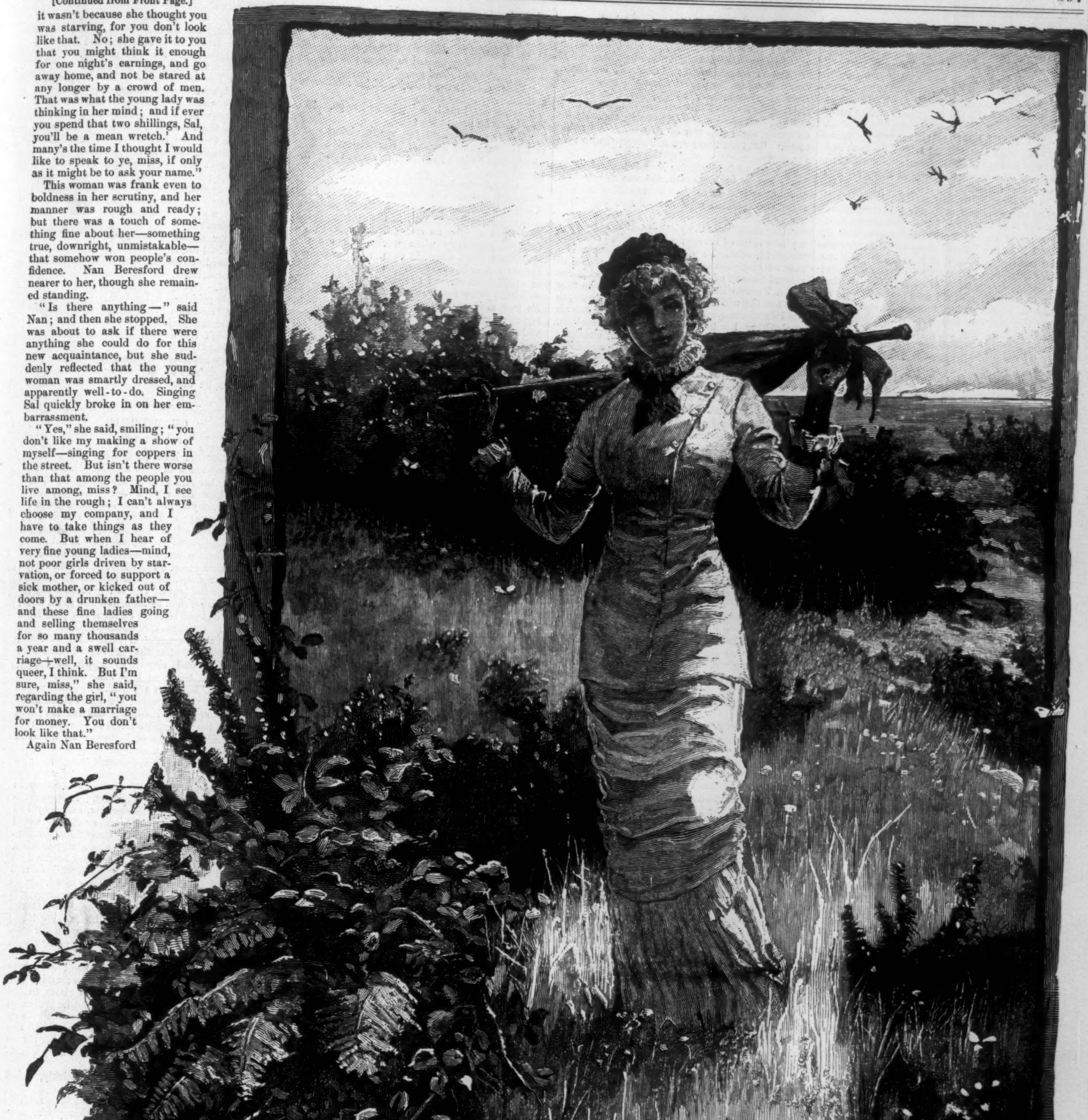
"To remain there?"

Sal laughed in her quiet way.

"Lord love you, my dear young lady, I never saw the town yet that could hold me for more than a couple o' nights. I live in the open. This is what I like best—open sea, open sky, open downs. I do believe my forefathers were either gypsies or else they had had a good dose o' the tread-mill, for I'm never content but when I'm on the trudge. Wet weather or fine, all's the same to me, but four square walls I can't endure."

"I am afraid you must lead a very solitary life," said Nan, with sincere compassion.

"Why, bless you, miss, the world is full of things," said the other, cheerfully, "and as you tramp along there's always something turning up for you to look at. Oh, I've plenty of friends too, for the matter of that. I bring a bit of news to the farms; and sometimes toys for the coast-guardsmen's children—else the women would get jealous; and I have an eye for the mackerel shoals for the fishermen; and I know where the sailors are, if there's any sport going on. Yes, I have a good many friends, miss. I can tell you it would be a bad business for any one who laid a finger on me, anywheres between Dover and Portsmouth: I think the word would be passed along pretty quick. Not that I can't take care o' myself," added Sal, with a modest smile. "I'm not afraid to be out o' nights, when I know where my bed is; and sometimes I can do without that. Why, that is the best of all the tramps—a clear moonlight night along these downs; and you have the whole world to yourself; everything and everybody asleep, except maybe a watch-dog up at one of the farms; and the ships out at sea—you can tell whether they're going up or down Channel by the red or the green light, and you think of the poor chap at the helm, and hope he'll get soon home to his wife and children. That is a real fine tramp, miss; you want to sing almost, and yet it's too beautiful to be broken by a sound. And then there's a fortnight in the spring when the birds come over—oh! that's wonderful. If you start about half past two or a quarter to three, you get in amongst them; and the first thing you hear is the whistle, quick and sharp, and yet far away, of the curlews. Then you begin to feel that they are passing overhead; you can't see anything; it is like a



THE BEAUTIFUL WRETCH.

whisper filling all the air; the darkness is just full of wings—soft and soft; you're afraid to put up your hand, in case you might hurt some poor creature at the end of its long voyage; and you listen and listen as you walk along, waiting for the gray daylight in the east to show them where to pick up some food in the fields. Ah! miss, if you only had the courage to rise as early as that—"

"Oh, I will! I will!" said Nan, eagerly, quite forgetting what her mother might have to say about this strange acquaintance. "But what has made you take to such a way of living? You are very well educated."

"You are kind to say so, miss," remarked Singing Sal, who was evidently greatly pleased. "But it's little education I ever got, except from two or three books I have made companions of, like. I kept my father's shop in Tunbridge until he married a second time; then it grew too hot for me, rather; and so I took to the road, and I've never regretted it. Human nature is what I like to look at; and if I may make so bold as to say it, I guess there's more human nature among the poor folk than among the rich. But I'll tell you about that some other time," she added, returning to her ordinary free-and-easy manner. "I see you want to go. You've looked at your watch twice."

"But you're going to Brighton also?" said Nan, somewhat timidly.

"Not with you, miss," was the prompt reply. "No, no. But perhaps, if it is not making too free, you will be so friendly as to tell me your name?"

"My name is Anne Beresford, and I live in Brunswick Terrace," said Nan.

"Thank ye kindly, miss," said Singing Sal, regarding the young lady with great friendliness and respect. "Maybe I shall see you some other day on the downs, for I think you are as fond of them as I am myself. Good-by, miss."

She rose, with some sense of natural courtesy. But she rather turned away, also, and she kept her hands behind her. So Nan bade her good-by in return, and continued on her way along the lonely cliffs.

Some considerable time thereafter, when Nan Beresford was nearing Brighton, she turned and looked behind her; and she could make out, on the summit of one of the rounded undulations toward Rottingdean, the figure of a woman, whom she at once guessed to be Singing Sal. That solitary figure was impressive there—high up on the edge of the slope; the still, shining sea far below her, and all around her and illumining her, as it were, the reddening glow flooding over from the westering sun. Nan—perhaps moved by some subtle compunction, perhaps only in token of friendly remembrance—took out her handkerchief and waved it twice; but there was no response.

CHAPTER II.

IN BRUNSWICK TERRACE.

THAT same afternoon all Brighton was astir with curiosity, because of a large vessel that had slowly come in from the west before an almost imperceptible breeze. She came unusually, and, as some thought, dangerously, close inshore; and, no doubt, she looked even larger than she really was, for she had every stitch of canvas set, from her royals down to her lower studding-sails, that stood out on each side like great bats' wings; while all this mass of sail was dark in shadow against the western glow. As the spectators watched her, those among them who knew a little about nautical matters guessed that this must be a man-of-war, from the rapidity with which she began to furl her sails—letting the golden light shine along between her spars; while they further concluded, from the fact that only a kedge was thrown out at her bows, that her stay in these shallow waters would be brief.

Now we must see how the advent of this stranger was regarded by the occupants of a certain drawing-room in Brunswick Terrace. These were five—a mother, son, and three daughters; and as they will all appear, more or less, in the following history, it may be as well to introduce them now and categorically to the reader.

First of all came Lady Beresford herself, an elderly, sallow-faced, weak-looking woman, the widow of a general officer who had got his K.C.B.-ship for long service in India. She had a nervous system that she worshipped as a sort of fetich, and in turn the obliging divinity relieved her from many of the cares and troubles of this wearyful world. For how could she submit to any discomfort or privation (the family were not very well off for their station in life), or how could she receive objectionable visitors, or investigate cases of harrowing distress, or remonstrate with careless livery-stable keepers, or call to account extortionate milliners, when this precious nervous system had to be considered? Lady Beresford turned away from these things, and ordered round her Bath-chair, and was taken out to the end of the Pier, that she might be soothed by the music and the sea air.

The eldest daughter in this drawing-room (the eldest daughter of the family was married and in India) had not much nervousness about her. She was a handsome, tall, blonde girl of the clear-cut English type, cold and even proud in manner, strict in the performance of all her duties, and not very charitable in her criticism of others. She had a good figure; she dressed well; clear health shone in her pale fair face and bright cold eyes. She was a daring horsewoman. Her brother called her "Nails," which was a final contraction for "Old Hard-as-Nails."

The next sister, Edith, that same graceless youth was in the habit of calling "The Sentimental." She was the darkest of the family, and the most beautiful also, where every one was more or less good-looking. She had soft brown hair, dark blue-gray eyes of the tenderest expression, and a beseeching, innocent look. She was fond of music; played and sang very fairly herself; but she was most admirable as a listener. In a room filled with half-murmuring people, she alone remained mute and devoted; her chair drawn close to the piano; her form motionless. It is true, her brother boldly attributed Edith's strict observance of this attitude to the fact that she knew she had a striking profile, and that in no other way could she be so well seen by the room. But then there are some people who will say anything.

In point of family order Nan Beresford came next; but, as we have seen, she was at this moment away out on the downs, marching briskly, and much pleased with herself and the world generally.

"The Baby" was the youngest of the sisters—a pretty child of fifteen; a trifle spoiled and bad-tempered, otherwise characterless enough. So now we may pass on to the personage who considered himself of chief consequence in the house—Mr. Thomas Beresford, the only son, who now stood at the window, thrumming on the panes, to the infinite annoyance of his mother. He was an exceedingly handsome boy of about eighteen, slightly built, tall, and dressed with an elaborate precision. The lad was clever enough, and good-natured enough, but he had been spoiled all his life long—first by his sisters, and then by the men who wanted to marry his sisters. He harried and worried the whole household indiscriminately, but he was especially hard upon Nan. He said Nan had a character that he wished to form. Girls wanted roughing. There was far too much flimsiness and fashionability about their social circle. In time, he trusted to be able to make something out of Nan.

Well, he was thrumming contemplatively on the window-panes, watching this big, dark ship come along from the west.

"Thomas, I wish you would cease that distressing noise," said his mother, with a plaintive sigh.

He ceased his thrumming, and took to whistling.

"Tom," said the musical sister, "I do wish you wouldn't try to pick up new airs. You can't do it. Why don't you keep to 'Home, Sweet Home,' or 'In a Cottage near a Wood'—"

But, to give effect to this remonstrance, she had turned in her chair, in which she was reading, and, in so doing, came in sight of the window, and the sea, and the new arrival there.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what a beautiful large yacht!"

The youth at the window shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you *are* a fool," he said, politely.

"Thank you," she replied.

"I'll tell you what—it's a man-o'-war brig," continued he, with an air of importance. "And what's more, I hope the fellow knows where he's coming to. I don't see them taking any soundings; and the notion of bringing a man-o'-war in here—"

He went and got an opera-glass, and returned to the window. He would make observations; perhaps, if need were, he might put off in a small boat and offer to assist in the navigation of the ship.

"Young women," he exclaimed, suddenly, "a light strikes me. That's the *Fly-by-Night*."

"You pretend you can make out the ship's name at that distance?" said the eldest sister, with the slightest of smiles.

"Not with the glass, but by the intuition of genius," he retorted, coolly. "What's more, I can tell you the name of her commanding officer, Miss Nails. Which his initials are Francis Holford King."

"King?" said his mother, with but little interest. "Oh yes, I remember."

"And he's coming to pay you a visit; that's what's the matter," continued the youth, still with the glass raised. "Nails, you'd better hide that novel, and pretend you've been sewing. Beauty" (this was an alternative name for the second sister), "are you at the proper angle? Baby, smooth out your pinafore."

"Thomas, I insist on your treating your sisters with more respect," his mother said, angrily.

"Well, I should almost like to be that fellow," continued Thomas, with perfect good-humor. "Fancy: at five-and-twenty, commanding a ten-gun brig! He has brains, that chap; not like the others that come fooling around here. Why, old Stratherne told me all about him. They made him a lieutenant when he was just of age."

"With your abilities, Tom," said his eldest sister, "I suppose you'll be commanding one of her Majesty's ships too when you're five-and-twenty."

He was not at all crushed by the sarcasm.

"My abilities," he said, still looking through the glass, "are, I know, remarkable; but I think, on the whole, a rich widow will be more in my line of country."

By this time all the girls had come to the window to watch the busy scene without—the small sailing-boats and rowing-boats passing and repassing under the bows and stern of the brig, their occupants staring at the guns in the open ports, or listening to the fiddling on the forecastle, where the men were dancing. But the interest of the Beresfords was concentrated rather on the gig that waited below, at the foot of the accommodation ladder, with five blue-jackets in her. They saw an officer descend and step into the stern of the gig; then she was shoved off, and simultaneously the oars struck the water. In a very few minutes the bow of the boat was run up on the beach, the gang-board put out, and then the officer stepped ashore.

"Oh my! ain't we resplendent!" remarked the brother of the girls, apparently to himself. "But it will be mortally awkward, young sir, if your ship should get aground, with the tide ebbing. Lawks-a-mussy! a court-martial. Even your first-class certificates, and Sir George Stratherne, and all the Lords put together, couldn't get you out of that. And then the ignominy of it! *Question:* What on earth made you take the *Fly-by-Night* in to Brighton? *Answer:* Please, sir—ax yer pardon, sir—I only wanted to spoon one o' them doosid pretty Beresford girls."

"Thomas, leave the room," said his mother, in a violent rage.

Thomas could not help it; he had to go. But he said, as he passed her:

"Take care, mother; you are involving yourself in something serious. Her Majesty's brig *Fly-by-Night* will be aground in about two twinkles!"

A few minutes later Lady Beresford was handed a card inscribed 'Lieutenant Francis Holford King, R.N.," and shortly thereafter the owner of the card presented himself in the drawing-room. Now there can be no doubt that her Majesty's uniform, especially when women-folk are the spectators, lends a certain dignity to the human figure; but even in ordinary dress this new-comer would have seemed to most a manly-looking, well-built young fellow, who had some decision in his face, and a very straightforward way of looking at people. He was of middle height, slight, and square-shouldered; his forehead square; his hair black, likewise the short mustache twisted at the ends; while his eyes were of that singularly dark and luminous blue that one never sees—oddly enough—except in the eyes of sailors. However, there was nothing of the robustious, shiver-my-timbers, conventional sailor about him; his manner was somewhat reserved; he had a touch of gravity beyond his years; perhaps he had acquired it through being put at an early age in command of so many men; but it never forsook him, not even in the ward-room, among his brother officers.

He seemed shy, also. When he had shaken hands with Lady Beresford and her daughters, and sat down, there was a distinct flush on the sun-brown face; and he proceeded to say, hastily:

"I—I heard you had come down here at the end of the season, Lady Beresford—Admiral Stratherne told me—and I had a telegram to send off; so I thought I might take the chance of finding you not gone abroad yet."

"I am not going abroad this year," Lady Beresford said, wearily. "Really my nerves can not stand the perpetual fatigue and worry of the railway stations and hotels. But the girls are going—by themselves. It is becoming quite common now. They don't want even to have a maid with them; and really I am ashamed of the attention I require."

"Nan is going with us too," said Miss Beresford, staring into the fire-place, where there was no fire.

"Oh, indeed," said the grave young lieutenant.

"She has never been abroad before. Won't her eyes grow big! She has a great capacity for wonder and admiration; she will do all our reverence for us at the proper shrines."

"You have seen Sir George recently, then?" said Lady Beresford.

"At Portsmouth, last week. They were all down from the Admiralty."

"What a dear old gentleman he is!" she said.

"He is the finest sailor and the best-hearted gentleman in her Majesty's service—and that's not saying a small thing," was the answer, prompt and straight.

"You are a great pet of his," said Miss Beresford, "are you not?"

"He has been a very good friend to me. But you needn't imagine it is because of that I respect him—that I more than respect him—I love him."

There was a touch of earnestness in his voice and in the simplicity of the phrase that made Miss Beresford regard him for a second with almost wondering eyes. She had never seen, for her part, anything about Sir George Stratherne to be enthusiastic about.

However, she had to continue the conversation unaided, for her mother was too languid, Beauty had got into an effective position, and was content to be silent, while the Baby was useless. So she said, with a smile:

"I hope Sir George won't have to find fault with you for bringing your ship into these shallow waters. Tom—my brother Tom, you know—is very anxious about it. I think he would like to give you his advice."

"I should be glad to have it," said Lieutenant King, with befitting gravity, "but I do not think we are in any great danger. And how is your brother?"

"Oh, very well—I mean very ill. Worse than ever. I wish you could take him with you for a cruise or two."

"As they used to take a cask of raw Madeira," said he, laughing heartily, "to fine down? Well, you're right about one thing; there's some good stuff in the lad. He might fine down to something good. But he is not in proper guidance."

"He is in no guidance at all," sighed his mother.

"Is he going abroad with you?"

"Not he," said Miss Beresford. "He wouldn't be bothered with us girls. He will see us as far as Newhaven, perhaps, and make brutal jokes all the way about the Channel."

"You are going soon, then?" said he. Somehow there was a kind of constraint about this young lieutenant's manner. He seemed to be thinking of something or some one else. His remarks and questions were of the most conventional sort.

"On the first of September, I think, we shall be ready to start."

"And are you going far?" he said, in the same preoccupied way.

"To Lucerne, first, I imagine; and then over the Splügen, when it is cool enough to go into Italy."

"Oh, indeed," said he. And then he added, after a pause, "Oh, indeed."

Then he rose.

"I see my man has got back," he said. "I am sorry, Lady Beresford, I can not ask you to bring your daughters to look over the ship: we must be off directly. Some other time, perhaps. It would give me very great pleasure indeed. I hope, Miss Beresford, you will have a pleasant journey. I have been thinking of going abroad myself this autumn if I can get sufficient leave. Will you remember me to your brother Tom?"

He bade them good-by, and left. They were silent until they saw him cross over the King's Road. Then the business of criticism began.

"He doesn't talk like a sailor at all," said the Baby, with a pout; "he talks just like anybody."

"At all events, he is very good-looking," said Beauty, warmly. "He has the loveliest eyes I ever saw in a man. And his hands—did you notice his gloves?"

"A sailor shouldn't wear gloves," said the Baby, who had not seen Lieutenant King before, but had heard of him, and was disappointed that he did not correspond to the nautical heroes she had read of.

"I think gold-lace is far better on blue than on scarlet," said Beauty. "I think blue and gold looks better than anything in a ball-room."

"He didn't tell us a single wonderful story," said the disappointed Baby.

But Mary Beresford's comment was more odd still. She glanced at her mother and laughed.

"Mother, he didn't even once mention Nan's name."

CHAPTER III.

A FIRST BALL.

NEVERTHELESS, Lieutenant King was quite as well acquainted with Nan Beresford as he was with the other members of the family—and this was how he came to know her. The Beresfords had for many years been the intimate friends of the Strathernes; and though they saw less of each other since Lady Beresford, on becoming a widow, had gone to live permanently in Brighton, still the London season brought them in a measure together again. Lady Beresford took rooms in Bruton Street during the fashionable months of the year for herself and her grown-up daughters; and from time to time, and as a great treat, Nan was allowed to come up for a few days from Brighton. On these rare occasions, if Sir George heard of the Beautiful Wretch being in town, nothing would do but that she should come with her mother and sisters to lunch in Spring Gardens—he being at this time Senior Naval Lord. And Nan was rejoiced. She was not at all a foolish young virgin; she was well aware of the affection the old Admiral had for her; and while she heartily reciprocated it, she knew that his special patronage of her gave her a sort of distinction among her sisters.

Well, one of these opportunities arrived, and Nan, not a little elated, but outwardly very demure, drove away with her mother and sisters, in a hired brougham, to New Street. In due course they arrived at their destination, and they had just got inside the door, when, as chance would have it, Sir George himself came from the dining-room into the hall. He was a wiry-looking, handsome, elderly man, with grizzled hair, a firm face, and the kindliest of gray eyes, while on this occasion he was very gorgeously attired, for he had already dressed for a Levée, and, moreover, it was a Collar Day. It was extraordinary to see how naturally Nan went up to him, taking it for granted he would scarcely have a word for anybody else. And he hadn't. Of course he shook hands with Lady Beresford, and Mary, and Edith, and welcomed them in a kind of way; but it was Nan that he seized with both hands; and it was Nan that he himself escorted up stairs to the drawing-room; and it was Nan that he presented to Lady Stratherne, just as if there was nobody else in the world. Lady Stratherne, though she was also a miracle of kindness, knew her duties better, and busied herself with the others, leaving those two to themselves.

"Well, now," said the old sailor, briskly, "what is our first dance to be?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir George?" she said.

"Why, don't you know, girl, that you're coming to the ball?"

"What ball, Sir George?" said she, quite innocently.

What ball indeed! And she had heard her sisters speak of nothing else for a fortnight.

"Why, my ball, our ball, everybody's ball! Why, don't you know that the world is going to stand still on Thursday night—in amazement? And if you didn't know, now you know; and that's the ball you're coming to, as sure as my name is Jack Horner—now, now, I've set my mind on it—"

Nan was no longer a hypocrite. Her heart began to beat rapidly, not with joy, but with fright.

"Oh, Sir George, I—I never was at a ball—I—I never go out—mamma would never dream—"

He turned and sung across the room,

"Mother!"

The lady who was addressed in this homely fashion was herself far from homely: she was a distinguished-looking woman, with pale, refined features, and a singularly intelligent and sweet expression.

"Mother, this girl is coming to the ball on Thursday, whether she likes it or not. I want a partner; I insist on having a partner. Get a card and invite her—a card all to herself—her name in capital letters—the honor of the company of the BEAUTIFUL WRETCH: will that do?"

Lady Stratherne said nothing at all, but regarded the other mother with a sort of puzzled smile.

"Oh, Sir George!" Lady Beresford protested, "it is impossible. Thank you very much, but it is impossible."

"Impossible?" he cried. "We don't know

what that is at the Admiralty. The men who write in the newspapers expect us to be able to do everything at a moment's notice, and of course they're right; and so of course we can do it. And so can you; the end of the argument being that Nan is coming to our ball on Thursday night, as I'm a living Dutchman."

But the matter was not so easily settled. There was a fierce fight. It was ridiculous that a school-girl, who ought to be walking two and two along the Marine Parade, should go to one of the big balls of the London season. How could a ball dress be got ready by Thursday night? And so forth, and so forth. Sir George paid no attention to all this firing of cotton pellets. She was coming to the ball on Thursday night, he maintained with a dogged obstinacy worthy of Nelson. And the end of it was that before they went down to lunch it had been finally agreed that Nan was to come to this ball; her mother remarking to Lady Stratherne, with a sigh of resignation,

"I can't imagine what Sir George sees in that gawky child."

Now, we have it on the best authority—or what ought to be the best authority, that is to say, we have it from a multitude of lady writers—that the prospect of going to a first ball is one of the great joys of a young girl's life. The present writer, at all events, is not bold enough to impeach such an array of witnesses, and will only state the simple fact that in the case of Nan Beresford this prospect filled her mind with nothing but terror and dismay. It was in all sincerity that she had besought Sir George to let her off, though she might as well have gone down on her knees to the Monument. He could not understand why a young girl of seventeen should be really reluctant to go to a dance—and a very pretty dance too, for the rooms were to be decorated with flags. And when Nan told her mother and sisters that she would far rather not go to the ball, her mother fancied she was afraid that her dress, being hurriedly made, would not compare well with her sisters' long-studied costumes, while the sisters simply said to each other, "Oh, she knows she can't dance."

There was some little truth in this last remark. Although she lived in a well-frequented house, where there were plenty of people coming and going, Nan had grown up very much apart. She had her own ways and occupations, which were mostly solitary. And dancing had never been a favorite amusement of hers. Of course, in the evening, when some young people were present, there was frequently a carpet-dance improvised, and then sometimes Nan was dragged in to make up a set at some square dance. She got through it mechanically, but it afforded her no special pleasure; and as for round dances, she said they made her giddy, and so she got excused. Giddy, she said; and yet she could walk, without the slightest sensation in the brain, along the extreme verge of those high chalk cliffs, to watch the jackdaws and hawks and gulls at nest-building time; and she could swing for an hour in a trapeze, so long as the seat was comfortable, and you gave her a book to read.

Not that she at all played the part of Cinderella in the house. Her mother was exceedingly fond of her—partly, perhaps, because Nan alone took the trouble to humor all her mysterious nerve-miseries; while her sisters tolerated her, though they thought her unsocial. Even this dress, when it did appear—and a thousand times Nan had inwardly prayed that it might not be ready in time—was quite as pretty as theirs. It was very pretty indeed; but somehow Nan, as she regarded herself in the big mirror, convinced herself that there was not enough of her to carry off a ball dress. Her sisters had a certain "presence" that a grand costume became. She thought she was too thin—that she looked more like a school-girl than ever; and she wished that she were not freckled. When at last she was in the carriage with the others—Mr. Thomas had gone in a hansom rather than ride with the coachman—she said, cunningly:

"Mamma dear, I am sure you will be excited with speaking to so many old friends, and you know your nerves can not stand it. Let me sit by you, and take as much of the talk as I can. I really don't care to dance. I would rather not dance. I would far rather sit by you, mamma. And I am sure it is not necessary for us to stay long; it will do you such a deal of harm."

Lady Beresford sighed.

"When one has grown-up daughters—" she said, almost to herself.

"Mamma dear," said Nan, eagerly; "would you rather stay at home? Wouldn't you rather stay at home? and I will keep you company."

"Don't be silly, child," said her eldest sister. "Do you think your dress cost nothing?"

The worst time of all was the waiting in Spring Gardens, where there was a block of carriages. It was all darkness, and expectation, and the hopeless sense that, being imprisoned in this slowly moving line, there was no escape. But when they were once at the entrance, and when Nan got a glimpse at the hall, her courage revived wonderfully. There was such a crowd of people — coming, going, waiting, looking for friends, and arranging dresses—that she felt that she could slip into this self-interested throng and be lost from observation altogether. She began to be forgetful of herself. When they were going up the stairs she heard names after names announced that she was quite familiar with—either through the newspapers or through the conversation at luncheon tables; and she was almost anxious to get quickly up to have a glimpse at these celebrated people. When she got to the landing she did not see Lady Stratherne at all, for her eyes were filled with wonder at the blaze of light and color beyond—the draperies of flags, and masses of chandeliers—and she said, under her breath, "Oh, mamma, isn't it beautiful!" The next thing she heard was, "Nan dear, how well you are looking!—what beautiful forget-me-nots!" and in a startled way she found that she was shaking hands with Lady Stratherne, whose kind eyes were regarding her with a momentary approval. Instinctively, however, she knew from the way that her hostess's eyes had turned to the next comers—there were far too many loiterers about this landing, and Lady Stratherne had enough to do to prevent a dead-lock on the stairs—that she need not stay to speak; so she followed her mother and sisters into the large, brilliantly lit room. Oh, how glad she was that it was crammed with this dense, busily occupied crowd! She felt quite safe; she felt happy; she was pleased that those few forget-me-nots looked nice. And there was no dancing at all. "Oh, mamma, tell me who all the people are," she said. She began to consider herself quite at home in the middle of such a crowd of strangers; she had only to be delighted with the blaze of color, the brilliant costumes, the scent of flowers, the wonders of diamonds.

Momentarily her great good fortune increased. Friends of Lady Beresford began to come round her; and they made a sort of circle, as it were; and Nan found she could keep herself just a little bit outside of it, seeing everything, herself unseen. Her cup of happiness was full. She had passed the ordeal unscathed. Why, it was nothing! All the people were engaged with themselves; there was not a sound of music; nothing but a hum of talking, and always that bewildering glow of light and color, and here and there a figure and face suddenly revealing to her somebody she recognized from photographs and portraits in the illustrated papers. She was becoming quite lost to herself. She could have stood there forever. She was not thinking of Nan Beresford at all, when—

When suddenly there was a long low growl from a violoncello. Her heart sank.

Almost at the same moment she saw another little group—of elderly men, mostly—open out at one corner of the room near her; and the next thing she knew was that Sir George's keen eyes had caught sight of her. He was by her side in a second.

"What," said he, "standing all alone? Why, where's Charlie? What's Charlie about? Lady Beresford, how are you? Ah, Mary? Edith, you are lovelier every day. But where is that rascal Charlie? I must find a partner for my sweetheart—"

"Oh, please, Sir George—" said Nan, with her heart beating fast.

But by this time there was a noise of preparatory music, and in the middle of the crowd there was something visible like the formation of a double line. At the same instant young Charlie Stratherne came hurriedly along, with an eagle eye for possible partners. Him his father instantly seized.

"Where's Frank King? Go and get Frank King. I want Frank King."

And, behold, Frank King was at his elbow.

"Sir George—"

"Oh, that's you, Frank King. Ask this young lady if she will dance with you—"

"Come on, Frank," said the youthful M. C., in his hurried bewilderment of duty. "You'll just do. Let me introduce you to Miss Anne Beresford. Lieutenant King. They want a couple at the other end."

So he disappeared in the crowd; and Nan found herself in the possession of this young naval officer, who seemed to take matters very coolly, considering that they were wanted right at the top of the spacious assembly-room. Happily she heard from the music that it was the Lancers that was about to begin; so she was not entirely dismayed.

"I suppose we shall get through somehow," said he, surveying the close mass of people with the eye of a strategist. The clearing of the space in the middle had naturally made the surrounding crowd denser.

"I think it will be difficult," said she, timidly.

"Well, we can try this end," said he, about to lead her in that direction.

"Oh!" she said, very earnestly, "I am sure we shall only embarrass them if we have another set at this end. And—and—I am not anxious to dance the Lancers. I would as soon not," she said.

Then for the first time it seemed that he turned toward her; and as she happened to be looking up at him to impress on him that she would as soon not dance, she instantaneously lowered her eyes, and sought refuge in the little scented programme.

"Perhaps," said he, after the fifteenth part of a second—"perhaps you would give me a dance that you like better."

Her innocent answer was to hand him her programme, upon which there was as yet not a scrap of writing. So, when that matter was arranged, he said to her:

"Would you like to see this dance, then? It's very pretty, when you are at a little distance. And I know how to get to that recess there; it's raised a few inches, you know; and I think you could see."

"Oh, I should like that," she said. How grateful she was to him!

They made their way to this side recess, which had been built out temporarily from the drawing-room, for the sake of additional space. It was decorated with trailing plants, trained on trellis-work; and two or three circles of red candles, amid so much green foliage, had a pretty effect. There were a few people standing about and looking on at the dancing, or talking; it was possible to talk, for here the music was softened.

Nan's companion led her to a raised bench, from which she could see very well; but even as she sat down, and while she was so glad to have been relieved from dancing out there amid all those people, she was touched by some strange misgivings. It was her duty to have danced. She had been presented with a partner; and if only she had not shown herself reluctant, she knew very well he could have found places for them. Were not officers always fond of dancing? And then it suddenly occurred to her that she ought to try to make him some amends. She ought to entertain him with brilliant conversation, as it were. Meanwhile, what was he doing? Not thinking of her—except as a booby, a child who could not talk. No doubt he was looking out at all those beautiful women there, and wishing he was not imprisoned in this corner.

Nan timidly raised her eyes, and instantly dropped them again. He had been for the moment looking at the forget-me-nots in her hair.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAME.

NAN was growing desperate. Speak she must, if only to let him know that she was sensible of his kindness in affording her this blissful relief; for she believed it was entirely on her account that he had proposed to sit out the dance. So she said, wildly,

"You go to a great many balls, I suppose?"

"Oh dear no," he said. "I am not much ashore."

Of course. She might have known. Was there not an air of command about him, young as he was? No doubt he held far too important a position to waste time on idle entertainments.

"I mean earlier—as a midshipman," she stammered. "You must have been to many places, and—and I thought the life of a midshipman was nothing but parties and balls, along with a great deal of mischief. That is what one reads, you know, about the young gentlemen—always tumbling into trouble, and always getting happily out of it, and always amusing themselves just as much as they amuse others."

This was not so bad. Nan's face had brightened; she regarded him with her clear eyes.

"You are thinking of Captain Marryat," said he, laughing. "But times have changed sadly for the middy since then. It isn't all beer and skittles now. Nowadays the poor chap can scarcely call his soul his own; and if he is going in for his Three Ones—"

"I beg your pardon; what is that?" she said, with a grave interest.

"Trifling little things," said he, jocosely. "Only first-class certificates in gunnery, seamanship, and mathematics; then, to finish up with, the unhappy youth has to look forward to an interview or two with the hydrographer, who isn't at all a gentleman to be made a fool of."

How was it that she knew instinctively that this young officer had got his Three Ones—nay, that he had carried them off easily, triumphantly? What was there in his manner, or the shape of his forehead, or his expression, that rendered her perfectly certain that he had nothing to fear from all the hydrographers ever born?

"Why, even in my time, I can remember when the middy was allowed a good deal more law," he continued; and now he had sat down beside her, and her eyes met his quite frankly. "I remember a fearful scene at Cherbourg, at a ball there; that was when the fleet went over, and there was a great round of festivities. Well, this ball, I think, was given by the Mayor—I am not quite sure; but, at all events, the midshipmites were invited with the rest, and those who could get leave went, of course. Well, we had the run of the refreshment-room—and we used it. There was far too much Champagne, and all our seniors were in the ball-room—the Duke of Somerset, and the whole of them; so we set to work to chaff the waiters in unknown tongues. Anything more patient or friendly than the conduct of these amiable creatures I never saw. They entirely entered into the spirit of the thing, and grinned and nodded in high glee when we inquired about their mothers and sisters—in English, of course; and then we tried bad French on them, and broad Scotch, with a touch of Lancashire thrown in; and then they grinned all the more, and shrugged their shoulders. My chum, Greville, was the worst, I think; he kept asking for all sorts of ridiculous things, and was very angry when he couldn't get them. '*Avez-vous du vin de Cockalorum?*' he asked of one fellow: of course Greville spoke real true-blue English French. '*Coque à la lorrrrme?*' said the waiter. '*Je crois que non, monsieur.*' '*Pourquoi n'avez-vous pas du vin de Cockalorum?*' said Greville, with great indignation. '*C'est une chose monstrueuse. Nous sommes les invités de la grande nation Française; nous sommes les officiers de sa Majesté la Reine d'Angleterre; et vous n'avez pas du vin de Cockalorum?*' There was enough of other wine, at all events," added Frank King. "I am afraid there was a good deal of headache next morning among the younger officers of her Majesty's fleet."

"Weren't you afraid," said Nan, who had forgotten what shyness was by this time—"weren't you afraid the French might be tempted to take a mean advantage, and capture the fleet bodily?"

"It would have been no more mean advantage," said he, with a laugh, "than we used to take in fighting them when they were seasick."

"Sailors seasick?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, that's just where it was," he said, and the friendly interest he displayed in this young lady was very wonderful. Already they seemed to have known each other for a quite indefinite time. "Mind you, people laugh nowadays at the old belief that one English sailor was as good as seven French ones. But it was quite true; and the explanation is simple enough. The fact was that the English kept such a strict blockade of the French ports that the French sailors never had a proper chance of finding their sea-legs. They never got out. When they did come out, they had to fight; and how can you expect a seasick man to fight? But I was talking of that chum of mine, Greville. He was the coolest hand I ever came across. Once he and I—when we were mids, you know—had to go down by rail from Genoa to Spezia—"

At this moment the music slowly ceased; and the kaleidoscopic groups out there, that had been going through all sorts of interminglings and combinations, lost cohesion, as it were, and melted away into the murmuring and amorphous crowd. Miss Nan knew very well that she ought now to return to her mamma. But how was she to break in upon this story? When one has already begun to tell you something, more particularly when that something is about himself and an old companion—and especially if you do not wish to be perplexed with invitations to dance—it is not polite to interrupt.

So the young lieutenant, taking no notice whatever of the cessation of the dancing, continued his story; and told several more, which Miss Nan found intensely interesting—so absorbing, indeed, that she met the eyes of her companion without any abashment, and frequently laughed in her low, quiet way. These two seemed very friendly, and heedless of what was going on around them, and might, in fact, have continued talking for a quite indefinite time, had not, all of a sudden, Charlie Stratherne come up, followed by a tall man with a long yellow beard, and before Nan knew what had happened, she was being led away to pierce the great throng that had now grown very dense indeed, a waltz having already begun. As for the young lieutenant, he somewhat abruptly declined his friend's offer to find him a partner.

"You've plenty of dancing men. There won't be room to move, shortly."

Charlie Stratherne was too busy to stay and ask why his friend refused to dance, and would not even remain in the ball-room; the next second he was off. Then the young lieutenant managed to make his way through the crowd to the door, and as there were still plenty of people arriving, he succeeded in passing his hostess unobserved, and making his way down stairs.

He entered the brilliantly decorated but quite empty supper-room, and sat down. One of the servants happened to come in, and stared at him.

"Look here," said he; "could you get me an evening paper?"

"Oh yes, sir," said the man; and he went off, and speedily returned with the newspaper.

Frank King sat down, turned his back to the table, and was soon—all by himself in this long chamber—apparently deeply absorbed in the evening's news. What he really was doing, however, was listening to the music overhead.

Meanwhile, Nan got through the waltz somehow—the crush was so great that her partner, who was not much of a pilot, generally succeeded in steering her into some little side bay, where they came slowly to rest by mere friction, or else landed her right in the middle of the room, where there was a throng of unskillful dancers become stationary in spite of themselves. At last she was surrendered again to her mother's care.

"Well, Nan," said Lady Beresford, with an amused look, "how did you get on?"

"You mean how much did I get off?" said she. "I believe I'm all in rags. And that elephant of a man bumped me against every person in the room."

Here the Admiral came along—bustling, as was his wont, talking to everybody at the same time, and invariably putting his hand on the shoulder of those whom he knew best, to give effect to his speech.

"Well, well, my girl," he said, "how did you like your partner? Did he amuse you? Did he compliment you on the roses in your cheeks—ah, that's the Brighton air, that is."

"Oh, if you mean Lieutenant King," said Nan, without any hesitation or embarrassment, "I think he is very amusing indeed—very. And very clever too, is he not?"

"Oh yes, he's a smart young fellow—a smart young fellow is Frank King. We've had an eye on him for some time back."

"I should say, now," remarked Nan, with a wise air, "that he had got his Three Ones?"

The Admiral stared at her, then burst out laughing.

"You young impertinence! What do you know about the Three Ones? He had got his certificates before he was one-and-twenty. But here—I will tell you something."

He took her a step aside.

"Hush, now—hush-sh. It is a state secret. Don't say a word. But I'll tell you what we're going to do with Frank King to-morrow: we're going to give him the command of the *Fly-by-Night*. What do you think of that for a lieutenant of five-and-twenty?"

"If he has relatives, I suppose they will be very proud," said Nan.

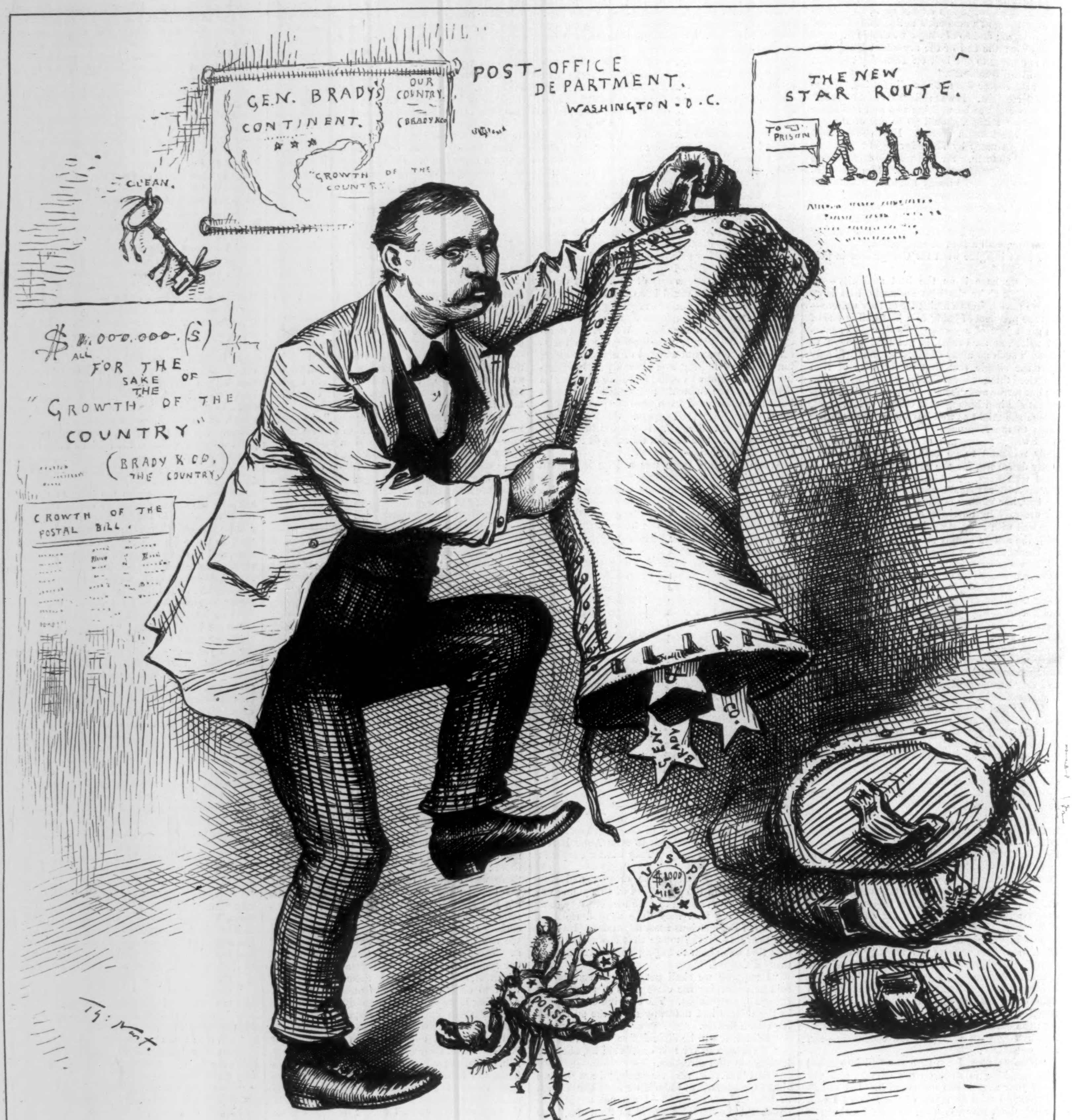
"Relatives? Don't you know the Kings of Kings-court? But there, now, I mustn't keep you talking; I suppose you're engaged for every dance. Mind you are down at supper while I'm there; I will drink a glass of wine to the roses in your cheeks—"

And so he was off again before she could say, as she greatly wished to say, "Oh, Sir George, I would rather talk to you than have to do any more dancing. Surely there are enough people dancing."

Then she looked round the room for some considerable time. At last she said to herself, contentedly:

"Yes; I thought he was too clever-looking to care about dancing; and I don't wonder he has gone home. But it would have been nice if I had had the chance to tell him he was going to have the command of the *Fly-by-Night*."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]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THE NEW (U. S. P.) *STAMP* ACT—APPROVED.

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

THAT bicycling has obtained a strong and permanent hold in this country, and is entitled to rank among the leading sports of the day, was amply proved by the recent gathering of bicyclers in Boston, on the occasion of the first Annual Meet of the League of American Wheelmen.

This league of wheelmen, formed a year ago at Newport by a small number of bicyclers, who accepted the invitation of the New York Bicycle Club to attend a meeting at that place, now numbers over seventeen hundred members, and has representatives in nearly every State and Territory of the Union, in Canada, Mexico, and in the West Indies.

The manufacture of bicycles, which has reached enormous proportions in England, there being over two hundred thousand bicycles now in use in that country alone, has already become an important industry in this country. Although there is in the United States but one manufactory devoted solely to the making of bicycles, that one, which is owned by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, and is located at Hartford, is the largest in the world. From it the "Columbia" bicycles are now turned out at the rate of twelve hundred per month, and the capacity of the works is fifteen thousand machines per year. This great factory covers many acres of ground, employs an army of workmen, and from it bicycles are exported to all parts of the world.

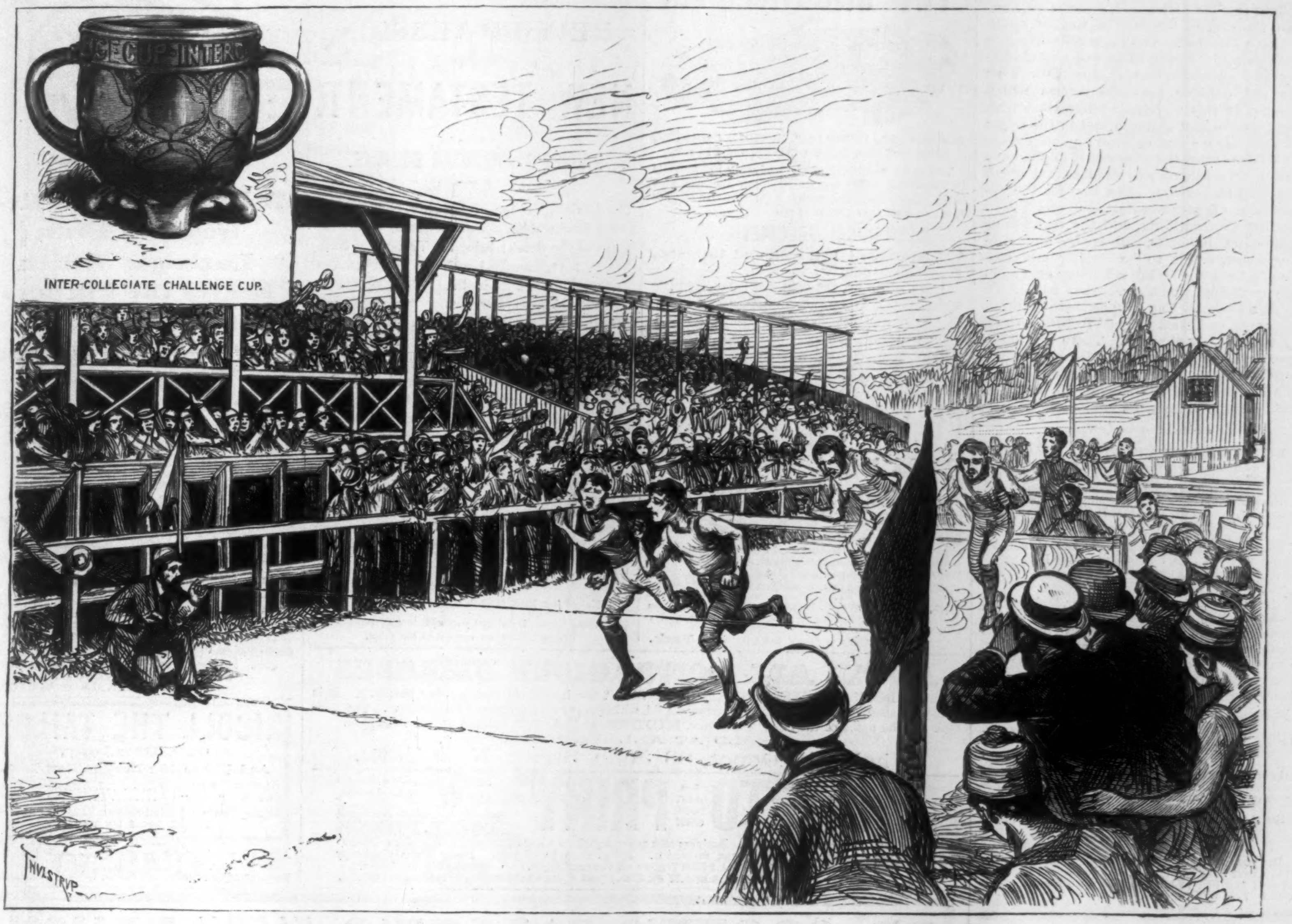
The great meet of wheelmen on Decoration-day in Boston, which is the subject of illustration on page 401, was an occasion of unusual interest, and a novelty that attracted many thousands of spectators from suburban towns as well as from the city itself. The prominent feature of the meet, and the one our artist has chosen for illustration, was the parade of nearly eight hundred mounted wheelmen through a number of Boston's widest and most beautiful streets.

The procession, which was a mile and a half in length, was formed on Commonwealth Avenue, between Dartmouth Street and West Chester Park. The broad avenue, shaded by beautiful trees, was lined with thousands of spectators in holiday attire, and hardly a window of the stately houses was without its group of gayly dressed ladies, eager to witness the novel sight.

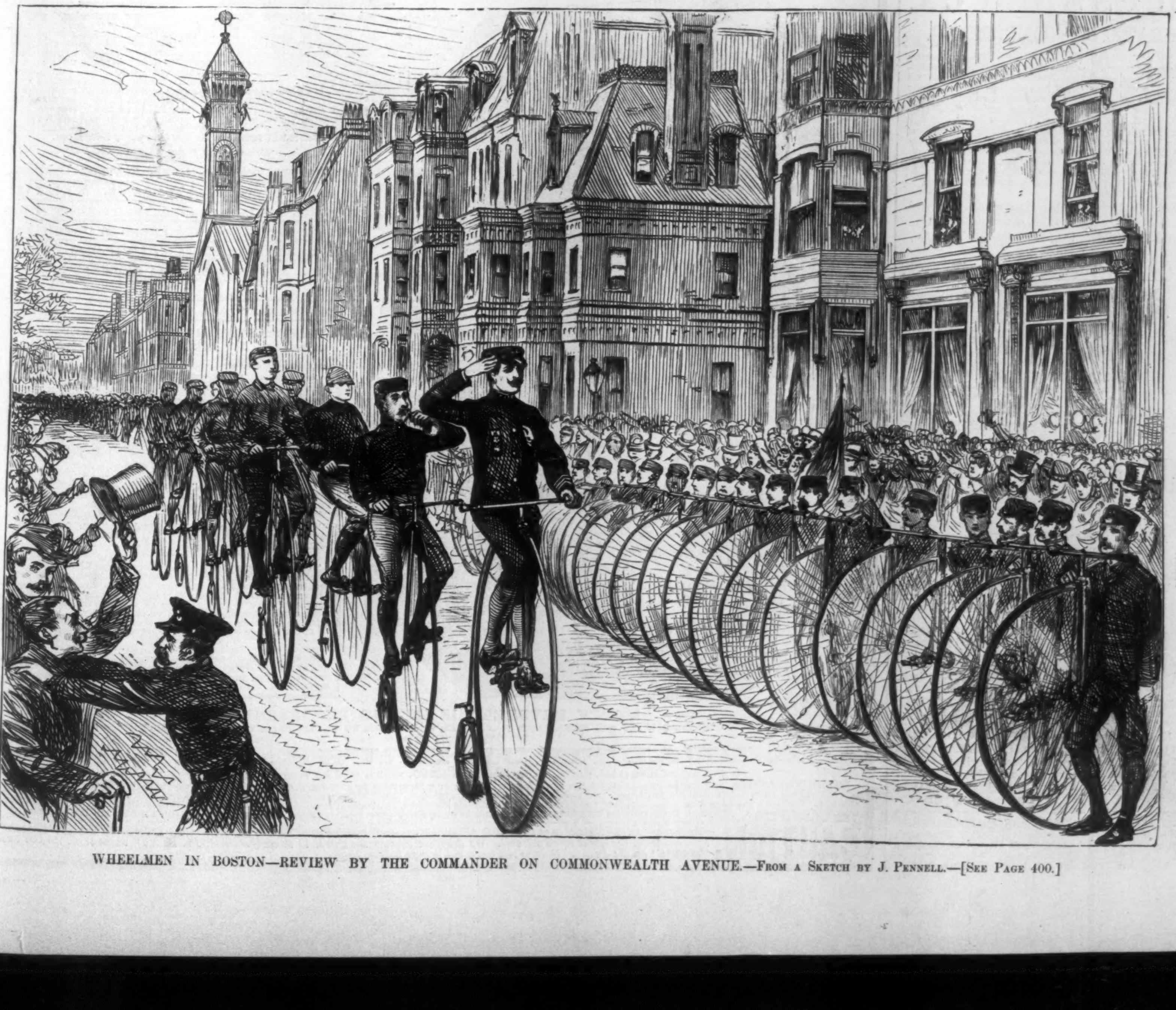
At eleven o'clock, the avenue having been cleared by a squad of mounted police, the Commander and his staff rode slowly down the long line of wheelmen, who, standing beside their glittering steeds, were drawn up for review. The wheels, burnished until they shone like silver, the natty uniforms, and the gay pennons, embroidered with club devices, that floated above the several clubs represented in the line, combined to make a varied and pleasing picture.

Immediately after the review the procession started, and, directed by bugle-calls, which were repeated from club to club, moved through six miles of some of the principal streets of the city, riding with the precision of a body of cavalry, and impressing upon the minds of the fifty thousand spectators who witnessed it the fact that the bicycle is something very far in advance of the boy's plaything which many of them had heretofore imagined it to be.

During the business meeting of the League, held in Boston Music Hall after the parade, the President, Mr. CHARLES E. PRATT, of Boston, in his annual report, gave a brief *résumé* of the work accomplished by the association during the year. It has established, under the name of Consuls, agents in every city and town in the country where wheelmen are to be found, and these agents are ready to answer all inquiries of visiting bicyclers, and to assist them by every means in their power. It has obtained from a large number of country hotels reduced rates for wheelmen who shall show the League badge when touring or travelling per bicycle. It has instituted legal proceedings against several turnpike companies who had closed their gates to bicycles, and compelled them to allow the passage of these vehicles. It has now undertaken to obtain privileges hitherto refused in Central Park, New York, with a fair prospect of gaining them.


INTER-COLLEGIATE CHALLENGE CUP.
THULSTRUP

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC GAMES.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 395.]



WHEELMEN IN BOSTON—REVIEW BY THE COMMANDER ON COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.—From a Sketch by J. Pennell.—[See Page 400.]

THE LONDON DISASTER.

THE terrible steamboat disaster at London, Canada, on the 24th of May, of which we give illustrations on page 396, is fraught with painful warning to excursionists. Every day excursion boats leave New York for the popular sea-side resorts which abound in this vicinity, overcrowded with men, women, and children, and in the event of a collision, a fire, or even a panic caused by a false alarm, the community might have to deplore a calamity as awful as that which occurred at London. The law for the inspection of steamboats, the prohibition against overcrowding, and the regulations respecting life-rafts, life-boats, and life-preservers, ought to be strictly enforced. People bent on having a holiday excursion are proverbially reckless. They will crowd upon a steamboat as long as there is standing room, and trust to good fortune to carry them safely through. There is all the greater necessity, therefore, for care on the part of the officials who are responsible for the condition of the steamboats and the safety of the passengers.

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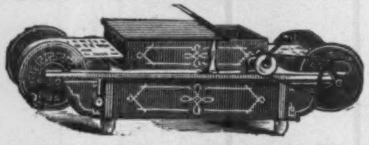

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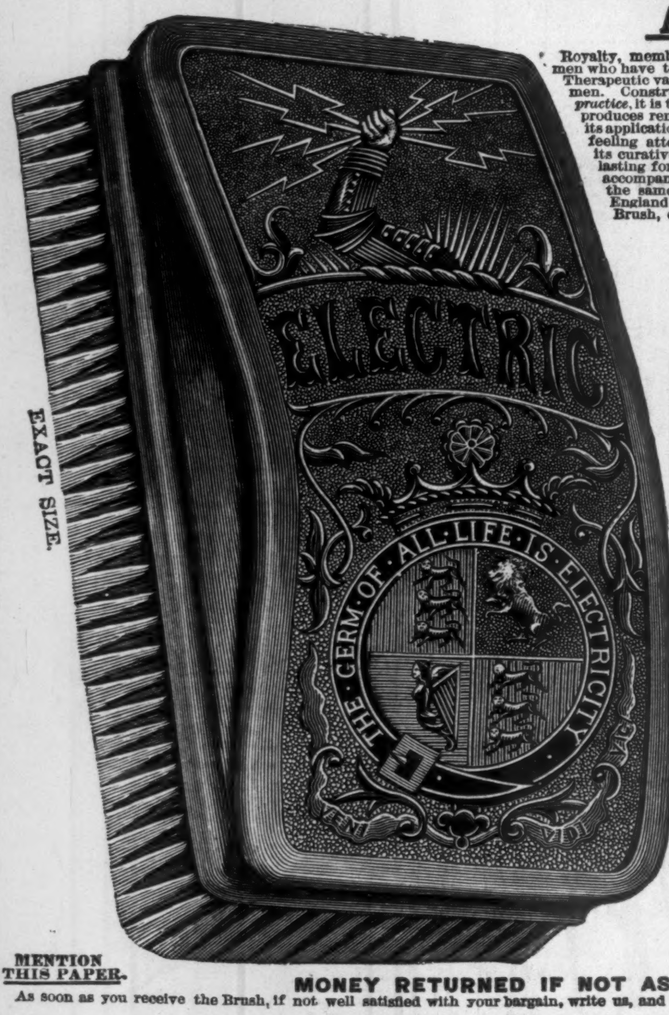
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TESTIMONIALS.

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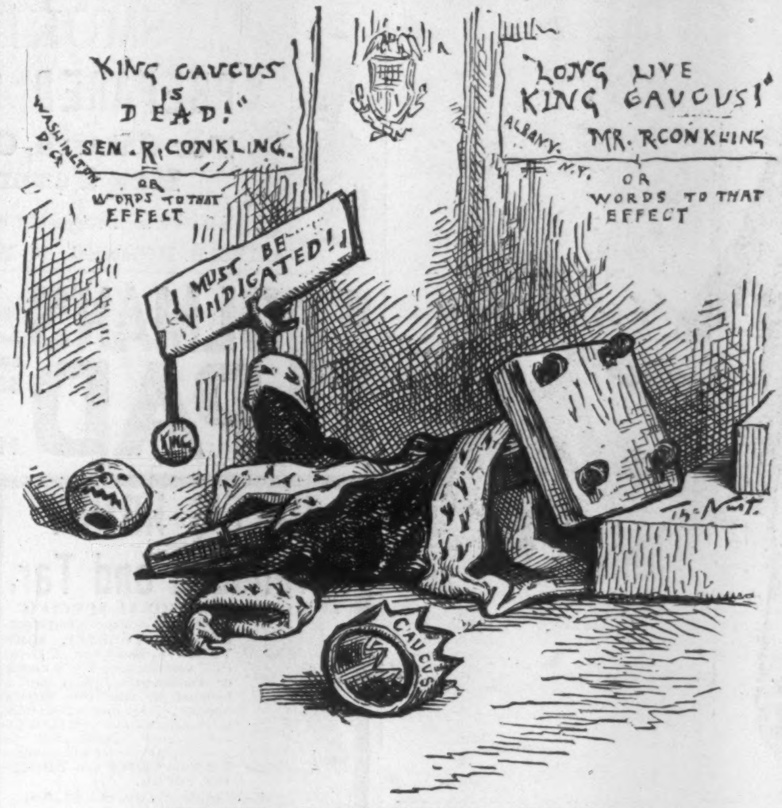
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